The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 107. Vol. XVIII. AUGUST, 1900. Price Sixpence.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* August *will be noticed in the* September *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th September *in the* October *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

The biography of the late Lieutenant F. G. Tait, more familiarly known as "Freddie" Tait, the celebrated golfer, has been undertaken by Mr. John L. Low, who has special qualifications for the work. Mr. Low was one of Lieutenant Tait's most intimate friends, and is also widely known as one of the best among amateur golfers, and one of the soundest critics of the game. He is keenly appreciative of the great qualities of his lamented friend, who, according to Mr. Andrew Lang, was the most widely known and popular man in Scotland. The book will be arranged somewhat as follows:—(1) Early Days, (2) Life at Sedbergh School and Sandhurst, (3) In the Leinster Regiment, (4) In the Black Watch, (5) South Africa and the End. Two chapters and an appendix will be devoted entirely to a record of Mr. Tait's golfing career. A great amount of material has been placed at Mr. Low's disposal by the family, who are taking much interest in the production of the work. The book will contain many interesting photographs, and Messrs. James Nisbet and Co. hope to publish it early in November. A very considerable sale is expected, and it is proposed to devote the profits to the Black Watch Widows' and Orphans' Fund or some other similar object. The portrait we print was taken shortly after Lieutenant Tait joined the Black Watch.

THE LATE "FREDDIE" TAIT.
From Photo by Marshall Wane, Edinburgh.

Yours ever
F. G. Tait.

Dr. Conan Doyle was expected to be back in this country on the 28th of last month. We understand that he is bringing with him the manuscript of his "History of the War," arrangements for the publication of which have already been completed in this country, in America, in Canada, and elsewhere.

Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins is busy rehearsing the new play based upon his "Simon Dale," in which Miss Marie Tempest is to play the leading part.

Sir Walter Besant is now at work on a new novel which the proprietors of the *Queen* recently commissioned him to write for publication in their paper during the early part of next year. We understand that the story is to be rather on "The Orange Girl" lines than in the style of "The Alabaster Box," Sir Walter's most recently published story.

The title of Mr. Walter Walsh's new book to be published in the autumn will be "The History of the Romeward Movement in the Church of England, 1833-1865." It is written from the standpoint of Evangelical Churchmen, and will be the only work of its kind. It relates to the public events of the first thirty-two years of the new movement, and will be absolutely different from Mr. Walsh's previous popular work. It will, however, contain such new information concerning the societies of the Ritualists as the author has been able to collect since the publication of his earlier book. Mr. Walsh, in compiling the work, has consulted every available source of information in print or in manuscript, and has given special attention to the pamphlets and newspapers of the period. The work is moderate in the expression of opinion, and free from personal insult and abuse, and it is hoped that it will be found useful even by those who do not agree with the author's views. A special

feature will be a brief history of all the cases in law which have arisen in connection with the movement, with a summary annexed. The book will be complete in itself and will contain a good index. The publishers will be Messrs. James Nisbet and Co.

Some comment has been caused by the announcement that Messrs. Constable have registered their business as a limited company, and it may be as well to state that this has been done purely for private reasons, and that no change whatever is contemplated in the conduct of the business. Their gigantic undertaking, the Victorian History of the Counties of England, promises to be very successful. No copies are being printed beyond those subscribed for in advance, and we hear that considering the price of the work the subscriptions are most satisfactory. The first volume is almost ready for delivery. In this instance the whole work has been done in this country, down to the coloured illustrations.

We regret to hear that Mr. E. F. Knight still suffers considerably from the effects of the operation which he had to undergo consequent on his wound received at Belmont. Mr. Hands, of the *Daily Mail*, writes very cheerfully from Mafeking, and has promised to give the ball which struck him to the Yorick Club.

The series of articles which Mr. George Gissing is contributing to the *Fortnightly Review*, under the title "By the Ionian Sea," will form the nucleus of a book which he is to publish later on. The book will be illustrated with sketches and other material collected by the author in the course of the travels he describes. Mr. Gissing has taken up his abode permanently on the Continent, where he finds the atmosphere most conducive to health and literary activity. He is making good progress with the new novel which he hopes to finish before the new year.

Mr. H. G. Wells has recently returned from a cycling tour in France, and is in excellent health. Although he is at present devoting himself to the novel of the present day, he has not lost his interest in scientific speculation, and it is possible he may write a somewhat elaborate book anticipating the development of the world in the various departments of human activity.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. who will publish Mr. J. M. Barrie's new novel during the early autumn, contemplate a very attractive addition to the number of books upon China. This will be altogether a fine art production, beautifully illustrated, and concerned largely with the Chinese people and country. Generally, Messrs. Cassell and Co. have a very energetic programme for the autumn, when one or two new papers may emanate from La Belle Sauvage.

One of the most pleasant items of literary news we could possibly communicate is that the three concluding volumes of Mr. Augustus Hare's delightful "Story of my Life" are promised for this winter. They will be profusely illustrated. No sort of justice was done to the first instalment, which contains more really readable and entertaining matter than almost any other book of recent years.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Boyd are stealing their summer this year near St. Andrews.

We have the best authority for saying that Dr. Ibsen has recovered from his recent severe illness, and is now in fairly good health.

Mr. Headon Hill is writing another of his thrilling adventure stories, in the same school as "By a Hair's Breadth." It will first appear in a magazine.

A number of important art works are in preparation for the Christmas season. Messrs. Bell will publish a magnificent work on Botticelli, while Mr. Heinemann promises a book on Reynolds as companion to his Gainsborough.

We are sorry to hear that, owing to continued ill-health, Mr. William Le Queux has been compelled to abandon his journey through Russia and Siberia, at least for the present.

Mr. Henry James has completed a new novel, which Messrs. Methuen will publish under the title, "The Soft Side."

Messrs. Constable and Co. hope to publish in the autumn a book of singular interest to students of poetry by the late Miss Bramby. Miss Bramby, who died recently in Sidmouth at the early age of thirty, was one of the most ardent students of Scandinavian literature in this country. Confined for the most part to her own room by ill-health, she mastered unaided the various European languages and literatures. The last that attracted her was Icelandic, in which she made herself, by the aid of books, thoroughly proficient. She wrote a drama based on Saga, but with much of her own powerful intellect and imagination in it. In manuscript this drama and other poems were read and warmly admired by some very competent judges. It is proposed now to publish them along with a biographical preface, which is to be written by Professor York Powell, and it is confidently predicted that the book will prove one of no ordinary mark.

Dr. Stefanson, late of the Royal Library, Copenhagen, is in England working busily at the new Icelandic dictionary which is to be published by the Clarendon Press. For the first time in an English dictionary modern Icelandic will be included. The work will not go beyond absolutely necessary limits, and will be of great use and convenience as well as of great literary value. Dr. Stefanson, along with Mr. Collingwood, the biographer of Ruskin, published not long ago in a limited edition a beautifully illustrated and authoritative book on Iceland, which, it is to be hoped, will be given to the public in a more accessible form.

A good biography of Goethe has been written by Professor Georg Witkowski, of Leipsig. It has the recommendation of brevity, extending only to 264 pages with 155 illustrations. This is a welcome change, though perhaps the author has erred on the side of compression. It is understood that the colossal biography of Goethe to be done by a sort of literary syndicate is in contemplation.

The editorship of *Black and White* is made vacant by the resignation of Mr. W. A. Mackenzie. Some contributor once said in regard to this journal, that when you made your weekly call at the office you inquired, not "How is the

editor?" but "Who is the editor?" *Black and White* has entered on prosperous days and now pays a very good dividend.

Mr. Edward Cooper, whose "Wyemarke" fairy stories are quite the best of their kind, will publish a volume of them this autumn. This will be accompanied by some of "Wyemarke's" exceedingly interesting drawings.

Mr. John Long publishes a new novel by Mr. Frederick Cassel in September. It is called "The Realisation of Justus Moran."

Mrs. Heinemann's (Kassandra Vivaria) strong, brilliant, and deeply thoughtful "Via Lucis" is appearing serially in one of the best known Italian monthlies. Although the author

JOHN OLIVER HOBBES AS A CHILD.

From a photograph never before published, and now reproduced by kind permission of Mrs. Craigie.

is of course an Italian, we believe the book was written in English, and has been translated back to her native tongue.

Mr. R. S. Hichen's new novel is to be called "Tongues of Conscience."

Miss Ada Cambridge has just completed the manuscript of a new novel, to which she has given the title "The Devastators."

Mrs. Cotes ("Sara Jeanette Duncan") is expected to pay another visit to this country early next year. Mrs. Cotes is at present resident in Simla.

Mr. Bernard E. J. Capes is writing a number of short stories for publication in the *Illustrated London News*.

Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. will publish during the forthcoming autumn season a new novel by Miss Mary Angela Dickens, entitled "The Wastrel." The novel was very successful as a serial in the *Daily Express*.

The title of Professor Edward Dowden's new book is "Puritan and Anglican." It will be published in the early autumn by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner and Co.

A new volume of stories from the joint pens of Miss Mary and Miss Jane H. Findlater will be published in the spring of next year by Messrs. Methuen and Co. The same firm will publish a new novel by Miss Mary Findlater, entitled "The Narrow Way."

We regret to hear that Mr. Maurice Hewlett has recently been seriously ill, and indeed is still far from well. On account of his indifferent state of health he has had to decline several offers of work.

Mr. Henry Newbolt's poem, "The Sailing of the Long Ships," has been set to music by Miss Florence Aylward. Those who have heard Mr. Kennedy Rumford sing the song are of opinion that it should be quite as popular as Miss Aylward's setting of Dr. Doyle's famous poem, which is heard everywhere. We hear that Mr. Newbolt is to edit a new magazine.

Mr. Julian Ralph, who, since his return from South Africa, has been enjoying a short holiday on the Continent, is expected back in London almost immediately.

MONTHLY REPORTS OF THE WHOLESALE BOOKSELLING TRADE.

(1) ENGLAND.

JUNE 20TH TO JULY 19TH, 1900.

Trade has slackened considerably during the past month, and as is usual after the spring output, a dull period has ensued, which, in accordance with the experience of former years, will probably last until the holiday season is over and the autumn season arrives. The intensely hot weather has doubtless had an effect upon the market, making any concentration of thought an effort to be avoided.

The South African Campaign, in so far as it affects the book trade, is now only a matter of history, and although China has loomed large during the past few weeks, there has up to the present been only a moderate demand for works descriptive of that immense but little known region. Lord Charles Beresford's "The Break-up of China" has probably been the most sought after, and a fair demand has been experienced for Scidmore's "China, the Long-lived Empire," Colquhoun's "Overland to China," Krausse's "China in Decay," and a cheaper edition of Shiel's "The Yellow Danger."

Guide books have flourished vigorously and been much in request, still chiefly, however, for home resorts. "Process" work has produced quite a revolution in this class of literature, and many of the shilling handbooks descriptive of country and seaside resorts are issued in such an artistic manner that they are quite worthy of purchase for the sake of the illustrations alone. Handbooks to Paris, varied as they are, seem to hang fire, and there is little indication of their attaining the popularity expected, in spite of the attractions of the great Exhibition.

There have been several additions to six-shilling novels,

but although some have obtained a measure of success, there are none, judging by the extent of their circulation, which have laid hold in any decided degree upon the public taste. Among the most recent are "The Increasing Purpose," by J. L. Allen; "Robert Orange," by John Oliver Hobbes; "The Strong Arm," by Robert Barr; "The Man Stealers," by M. P. Shiel; and "The Uttermost Farthing," by B. P. Neumann.

Quite a number of sixpenny reprints have appeared, and the sales in this class have been very brisk throughout the month. Among the most recent are "When a Man's Single," by J. M. Barrie; "School for Saints," by John Oliver Hobbes; "Garrison Gossip," by J. S. Winter; "Tom Ossington's Ghost," by Richard Marsh; and "The Rebel Chief," by Hume Nisbet.

The various magazines and illustrated periodicals continue to secure an extensive circle of readers, and form a considerable item of trade.

The following are the books which have sold most freely during the past month :—

The Break-up of China. By Lord Charles Beresford. 12s. (Harper.)
Overland to China. By A. R. Colquhoun. 16s. (Harper.)
China in Decay. By Alexis Krausse. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)
China, The Long-lived Empire. By Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore. 8s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)
The Yellow Danger. By M. P. Shiel. Cheaper edition. 3s. 6d. (Richards.)
The Increasing Purpose. By J. L. Allen. 6s. (Macmillan.)
The Farringdons. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Little Anna Mark. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Nude Souls. By B. Swift. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The West End. By P. White. 6s. (Sands.)
Boy. By Marie Corelli. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Robert Orange. By John Oliver Hobbes. 6s. (Unwin.)
The Man Stealers. By M. P. Shiel. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
The Strong Arm. By Robert Barr. 6s. (Methuen.)
Love and Mr. Lewisham. By H. G. Wells. 6s. (Harper.)
The Chevalier of the Splendid Crest. By Sir H. Maxwell. 6s. (W. Blackwood.)
Kirk's Papers on Health. 2s. (Simpkin.)
The Temperance Problem. By Rowntree and Sherwell. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
June 23—Quiet in all departments.
" 30—Rather brisker, but still quiet in Colonial and Foreign.
July 7—A fair week all round.
" 14—Very quiet in home departments, Colonial somewhat better.

---

(2) SCOTLAND.

JUNE 20TH TO JULY 19TH, 1900.

Business generally was quiet during the month. Even booksellers in summer resorts, having made up their stocks, found the tourist season slow, and failed to repeat orders.

The volume of business was mainly made up of sixpenny reprints and six shilling novels, and, as usual at this time of the year, enquiries for descriptive guides and such like works, of which, perhaps, Geddie's "Romantic Edinburgh," with its literary charm and historic interest, took the lead. War books were little in request, but the sales of such works as "An Absent-Minded War," "Mafeking," by Major Baillie, and "With Methuen's Column," proved that there remained some interest in South African affairs.

The crisis in China revived the sale of some recent works published on the Far East problems. The following four volumes were asked for: Scidmore's "China," Colquhoun's "China in Transformation," Lord Charles Beresford's "Break-up of China," and the "Yellow Danger," by M. P. Shiel. There was considerable business done in maps of the Chinese Empire.

The "Life of Mr. Moody" continued to sell, and on account of various important conventions held throughout the country the new edition of Rowntree and Sherwell's "Temperance Problem and Social Reform" renewed its popularity and went off readily.

Of the sixpenny reprints the most successful were "When a Man's Single," by J. M. Barrie, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," by T. Hardy, "Jewel Mysteries," by M. Pemberton, and a very brisk business was done in taking orders for the following to be issued immediately: "Aylwin," "Red Badge of Courage," "What Cheer," and "Man of Mark."

The leading six shilling book was undoubtedly "Robert Orange," by John Oliver Hobbes, and it was closely followed by "Unleavened Bread," by Robert Grant, and "Increasing Purpose," by J. L. Allen. "The Farringdons," by Miss Fowler, "Voices in the Night," by Mrs. Steel, and "West End," by Percy White, also continued good selling volumes.

At five shillings Guy Boothby's "Prince of Swindlers" gained the first place, and at three shillings and sixpence John Strange Winter's "The Married Miss Binks" had a very successful sale.

In connection with the magazine trade the improvement noted in our last report was fully maintained. Even of monthlies with double numbers, such as "Harmsworth," "Lady's World," and "Lady's Realm," large quantities were easily disposed of, and the "Royal," "Strand," "Pearson," and the "Woman at Home" continued to retain their large circulations.

Mention must be made of the brisk sale of the "Studio" summer number, which, immediately on its publication, passed out of print.

The following is our list of best selling books :—

Six Shilling Novels :—

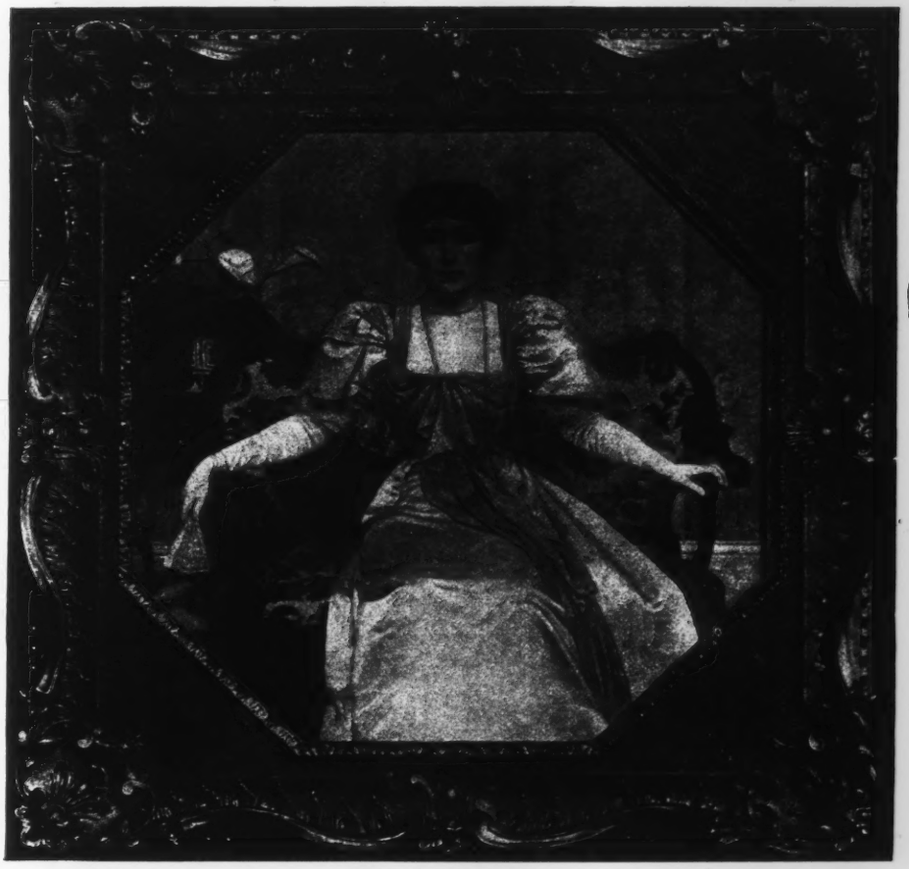
Robert Orange. By John Oliver Hobbes. (Unwin.)
Unleavened Bread. By R. Grant. (Hutchinson.)
Increasing Purpose. By J. L. Allen. (Macmillan.)
The Farringdons. By Ellen T. Fowler. (Hutchinson.)
Voices in the Night. By F. A. Steel. (Heinemann.)
West End. By Percy White. (Sands.)
Boy. By M. Corelli. (Hutchinson.)
Bequeathed. By B. Whitby. (Hurst and Blackett.)
Nell Gwynne. By F. F. Moore. (Pearson.)
Little Anna Mark. By S. R. Crockett. (Smith, Elder.)
Prince of Swindlers. By G. Boothby. 5s. (Ward and Lock.)
Married Miss Binks. By J. S. Winter. 3s. 6d. (White.)
Yellow Danger. By M. P. Shiel. 3s. 6d. (Richards.)
Mafeking. By Major Baillie. 6s. (Constable.)
Temperance Problem. By Rowntree and Sherwell. 6s. (Hodder.)
D. L. Moody's Life. 10s. 6d. (Morgan and Scott.)
Romantic Edinburgh. By J. Geddie. 6s. (Sands.)
An Absent-minded War. By British Officer. 1s. (Milne.)
"Studio" Summer Number. 5s. net.

And of Sixpenny Reprints :—

When a Man's Single. By J. M. Barrie. (Hodder.)
Tess of the D'Urbervilles. By T. Hardy. (Harpers.)
Jewel Mysteries. By M. Pemberton. (Ward and Lock.)

The Reader.

JOHN OLIVER HOBBES.



JOHN OLIVER HOBBES.
From a painting by Schmalz. Photo by Dixon and Son.

FEW will read "Robert Orange" without experiencing a keen desire to discuss it, its teaching, its ideas, its ideals, its moral, with the author. It may rouse your opposition at every chapter, but this is in itself a high tribute of praise, one of the sincerest compliments any reader can pay to any novelist. There is always something above the common in the book that challenges the intelligence and compels the mind to take up the gauntlet. And before "Robert Orange" had been in the hands of the public many hours Mrs. Craigie was answering questions from unknown correspondents in every part of the country.

The supreme problem of the story must be familiar by this time to most readers, and there is no need for me to attempt anything like a summary of the book. Mrs. Craigie is quite willing to talk of the problems which must present themselves to every reader, for her work is to her the most serious thing in her life. She has given to it the deepest and best of her thought and experience; indeed, when she lays down the pen it is with the consciousness that she has produced the best thing of which she was capable at the moment. At the outset, however, Mrs. Craigie meets many objections by reminding you that Robert Orange was a Roman Catholic, that he lived in days that have now passed into history, that he was a representative man, typical of his feverish period, and not to be judged and condemned by the standard of modern liberalism. Mrs. Craigie naturally protests against the criticism which compels her to bear the burden of Robert Orange's choice, which reads her own views into his words and deeds. The question is not, "Did Robert Orange choose rightly?" but "Would Robert Orange, as we know him by Mrs. Craigie's presentation, have chosen as we are told he did?" This, of course, raises the larger question of whether the central figure of the story carries conviction to those who only know him on printed page. Into these subtleties it is not for me to enter; I must be content with stating that I found Mrs. Craigie emphatic in her certainty not only that Robert Orange actually existed, but that her portrait is faithful. Of one thing every reader may rest assured: Robert Orange is not a dream picture, but the outcome of years devoted to the study of the man and the period. For Mrs. Craigie the Middle Ages of this century are more

JOHN OLIVER HOBBES.
From a new miniature by Miss Maud Porter, reproduced by kind permission of Mrs. Craigie.
From Photo by Dixon.

From Photo by] MRS. CRAIGIE. *[Histed, 42, Baker Street. W.*

fascinating than almost any other period in the world's history. If she were to take up historical or biographical work—and this is well within the bounds of possibility—I believe she would find her subject ready to hand in the men and events of the sixties. In "Robert Orange" she has employed her knowledge of present-day society (and who that has read her earlier books will deny the searching accuracy of her observation?) to re-incarnate the mind and methods and motives of the days of Disraeli.

It must be remembered, too, that Mrs. Craigie is a Roman Catholic herself, understanding and appreciating from personal experience the Roman Catholic point of view. She is not one of those to whom Roman Catholicism is an almost meaningless inheritance, but one who has grappled fearlessly and devoutly with its problems and pored over its innermost secrets in search of Truth. I lay particular stress on these points, because it is Mrs. Craigie's opinion that much of the misunderstanding and criticism which have been aroused by the life history of Robert Orange would have been obviated had they been borne in mind. Indeed, Mrs. Craigie herself admits that the reader who is not in touch with Roman Catholicism must experience considerable difficulty in comprehending the *leit motiv* of Robert Orange's career.

Another point which Mrs. Craigie emphasises in talking of Robert Orange is that by the unfortunate omission of a sentence from the last chapter her explanation of Robert Orange's choice is unknown to the reader. In the letter which closes the story Disraeli ought to have written (or rather he did write, but the printers forgot to include the words): "The passion of love invariably drives men and women to an extreme step in one direction or another. It will send some to the Cloister, some to the Tribune, some to the stage, some to heroism, some to crime, and all to their natural calling." Robert Orange, as must have been apparent to every reader of the "School for Saints," was from the beginning destined for the Church, and the whole object of the sequel is to show how the passion of love led him by ways mazy and devious into the full light of self knowledge, how by the light of his love Robert Orange found himself.

Perhaps the chapter in "Robert Orange" which has puzzled most readers is that which describes Robert Orange's state of mind immediately after his marriage with Mrs. Parflete. Of the mutual love of man and wife there can be no question. They were made for each other from the beginning of time. Why, then, on his wedding day is Orange restless and unsatisfied; indeed almost unhappy? Mrs. Craigie's explanation of this curious trait in his character is interesting if not altogether convincing. She firmly believes that every great catastrophe is preceded by

an admonition of evil, like the oppression which heralds a thunderstorm. She is convinced that in life there is no such thing as a bolt from the blue, that men are not hurled at one fell blow from highest heights to deepest depths, and that in describing Robert Orange's feelings of distress and restlessness she is only picturing what she has learned to look for in actual life.

While on the subject, it may be as well to dispose of one minor criticism which has amused Mrs. Craigie not a little. More than one well-known author has written to her protesting against the deterioration in her style, pointing out for instance that one of her characters actually makes use of the abomination "Ain't." This is soon disposed of. It is a lamentable but no less patent fact, says Mrs. Craigie, that everyone does not speak perfect English, and if some of her characters are inclined to be ungrammatical, the reason is simply that they would have spoken ungrammatically in real life. *Voilà tout.*

The object of this article is, however, not critical but biographical. Mrs. Craigie's literary history has been in many ways remarkable. Reading has been the master passion of her life from earliest days, and her enthusiasm for literature showed itself when as a tiny child she begged for a separate subscription to Mudie's Library. "I was so small at the time," she says, "that I had to be lifted up to the counter to see the books. The nurses thought it a very unwise thing for a child of my years to be reading so freely, and used to hide the books from me." I doubt if any living woman has read more widely than Mrs. Craigie. For one thing, she has had the opportunities which so many lack. Her father is one of the most prosperous merchants in the City, and his daughter has always been able to indulge her hobby of book collecting to her heart's content. She is intimately acquainted with the literature of almost every land in Europe. Her favourites among modern authors are Meredith and Hardy, and she is a great admirer of French fiction. While there are many traces of Meredith's work in her style—she admits that her great danger is to be too elliptical—the influence which permeates her mind has come, she is inclined to think, from the Greek classics. Mrs. Craigie is also a devoted student of poetry, and is herself a poet of no mean power and charm, as was testified in her beautiful play, "Osbern and Ursyne."

Mrs. Craigie is a cosmopolitan, by upbringing and sympathy a citizen of the world. She was born in Boston in 1867, and her parents travelled extensively before settling down in this country. Mrs. Craigie sometimes says, "I feel as if each of the chief cities of Europe was my native place, because I have childish recollections of them all." Her grandfather was the Rev. James Richards, the founder of the first Theological Seminary in New York, while it is, she fancies, from her great-grandfather, a Tory member of the Halifax Parliament long before the declaration of independence, that she inherits her strong Tory politics.

Mrs. Craigie received most of her early education in Paris, and French is as familiar to her as her native tongue. At twenty she was enrolled as a student at University College, and much of her knowledge of classics and philosophy is to be traced to the tuition of Professor Goodwin, to whom, by the way, she afterwards dedicated one of her books.

The first literary compositions from the pen of the author of "Robert Orange" date back to her fifth year, when she spent all her spare time in composing short stories, which were dramatised and produced in sumptuous fashion in a toy theatre of her own. As she grew up she contributed to various children's magazines, occasionally gaining prizes.

One of her earliest appearances in print was in Dr. Joseph Parker's paper *The Fountain*, and was entitled, "Lost, a Dog." The story, a bright description of the loss of one Sandy, his diverting adventures and ultimate safe return, was signed "Pearl Richards, aged nine." An interesting sequel is to be seen in a copy of "A Study in Temptations," which was sent to Dr. Parker with the following inscription: "To my first reviewer, Dr. Joseph Parker, the first also to encourage my childish attempts at literary composition, the first to prize work which was only remarkable for its gigantic intention." There is also, if I am not mistaken, a story from Mrs. Craigie's pen to be found in *The Fountain* of February 10th, 1881, entitled, "How Mark Puddler became an Inn-keeper."

At eighteen, Mrs. Craigie determined to devote herself to writing. For years she had studied every possible model of style, and especially of dramatic dialogue, and, as she

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF JOHN OLIVER HOBBES.
From Photo by Elliott & Fry.

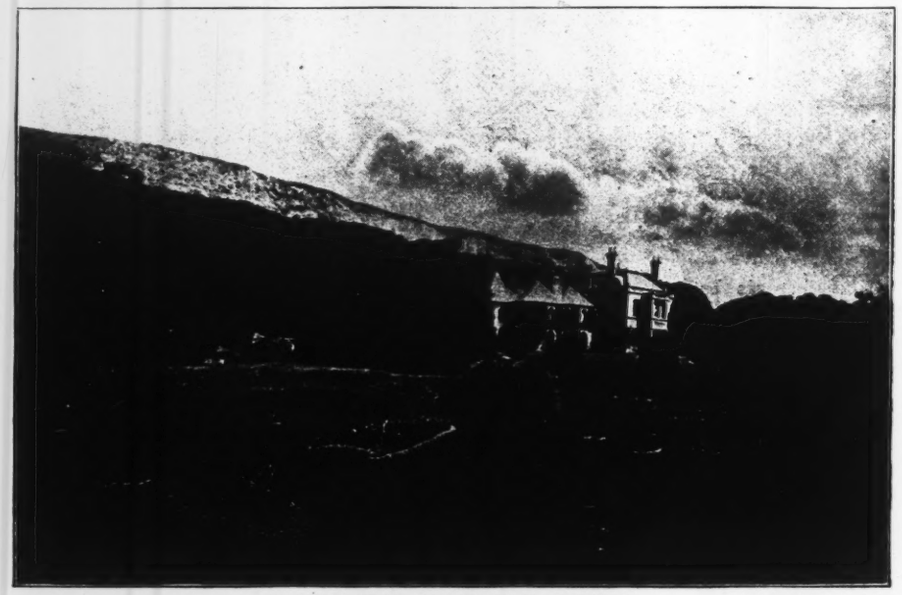
OLD PARK, VENTNOR, WHERE MUCH OF "ROBERT ORANGE" WAS WRITTEN.
Reproduced by kind permission of Mrs. William Spindler.

puts it, her great ambition was that after many years of application she might invent something which would please her a little. Her first book, "Some Emotions and a Moral," was composed during months of wearing illness and amid the strain of domestic anxiety. Twelve months were spent on the book—a remarkable time considering its length—but Mrs. Craigie has always been firm in her determination not to let a single unconsidered word slip into her work. The manuscript was sent first of all to Messrs. Macmillan, whose reader reported very favourably upon it, but urged a change in the ending of the story, and also in the title. This Mrs. Craigie refused to consider for a moment. Mr. Fisher Unwin was then starting the Pseudonym Library, and it occurred to Mrs. Craigie that her story would be suited to that series. She herself took it to the publisher and it was immediately accepted, although curiously enough both Mr. Fisher Unwin's reader and her own friends again strongly urged her to make an alteration in the title. The book had an immediate success and over 80,000 copies were sold in a short time.

Many must have wondered at Mrs. Craigie's strange choice of a pseudonym. As a beginner she shrank from the publicity which would have attached to her own name, and laughingly says that she purposely selected the name of the great philosopher in order "to control her tendency to extreme sentimentality."

The subsequent literary history of "John Oliver Hobbes" is public property. For years Mrs. Craigie contented herself with short "philosophical studies," as the state of her health did not permit of long sustained effort; but with "The Herb Moon," and especially with "The School for Saints," a new element entered into her work. Everything that she writes is brilliant, but the hard and almost cynical brilliancy of her earlier books has given way to something more mellow, more kindly, more tender, more in harmony with her really sympathetic nature. I was not surprised to hear that "The School for Saints" and its Sequel are Mrs. Craigie's favourites among her writings, although she confesses that the book she likes best is always the one she is about to write.

Mrs. Craigie is not certain whether it is quite correct to speak of herself as a slow writer. She is fortunate in being able to force herself to write regularly and anywhere. She cannot do her thinking upon paper, and often spends several hours in meditating on a portion of the story, and it may be that only a few lines are the result. But when she is actually writing she works quickly. She never re-writes. She experiences no difficulty in the choice of plot or characters, although she never draws from real life, but spends much time in the arrangement of her work. Portions of her stories have been written in almost every part of the world, but her favourite resort is certainly Old Park, Ventnor, of which Mrs. Craigie has kindly allowed me to give some photographs. It was here, in a delightful study, crowded with books and pictures, that much of "Robert Orange" was written. Mrs. Craigie finds it extremely difficult to write in London. She has a large



ANOTHER VIEW OF OLD PARK, VENTNOR.
Reproduced by kind permission of Mrs. William Spindler.

library in her father's magnificent house in Lancaster Gate, but when in town the claims of society absorb most of her time, for I need hardly say that Mrs. Craigie is one of the most sought-after women in London society.

Old Park, Ventnor, is one of the most beautiful estates on a beautiful island. The grounds stretch from the cliffs running to Blackgang down to the sea. In the house itself, which is the property of Mrs. Craigie's friend Mrs. William Spindler, are countless art treasures, among them many exquisite examples of the art of Mr. Walter Spindler. Mrs. Craigie commences to work every morning at eight o'clock. She studies—philosophy, history, the classics—until ten, and is a firm believer in regular daily work of this kind. From ten until half-past eleven she writes, and seldom writes more than an hour and a half at a time. Music and chess are her two favourite recreations. After lunch she works for another hour or so, but never touches her pen "even to write a postcard" in the evening.

Mrs. Craigie began her career as a dramatist with a one-act play written for Miss Ellen Terry, "Journeys end in Lovers Meeting." It is interesting to know that at Mrs. Drew's request, Mrs. Craigie read the play to Mr. Gladstone, whom it greatly amused and pleased. Of the success of Mrs. Craigie's subsequent dramatic efforts there is no need for me to write. At the present time two light comedies are in the hands of leading managers. "The Wisdom of the Wise" will be produced shortly at the St. James's Theatre, while the second will see the light at the Haymarket. For years it was Mrs. Craigie's great ambition to gain a hearing on the stage, and it was this that led her to write her early books almost entirely in dialogue. Curiously enough her first intention with regard to "The Ambassador" was not to produce it as a play but as a book, feeling that comedy of the kind was too light for the English school. I am inclined to think that lately Mrs. Craigie has come to prefer fiction. Apart from the weariness and strain of rehearsals, there is something in the necessary conventions of the drama which jars on her independence. Still, she has not abandoned the project of writing a historical tragedy which has long been in her mind.

Mrs. Craigie is hard at work planning her new novel, which, in spite of announcements to the contrary, will not deal with Robert Orange, or, indeed, with Roman Catholicism at all. It certainly was Mrs. Craigie's intention to make more of Disraeli and of politics, and to describe more fully Robert Orange's clerical career and connection with the Pope in her sequel to "The School for Saints," but this idea she has abandoned, at least for the present. In all probability her next book will deal with Nonconformity, a phase of religious life with which she is intimately acquainted, as her father is one of the deacons at the City Temple, while for four generations her forefathers have been leading Nonconformist divines. J. E. H. W.

LITERARY PICTURES OF THE YEAR.*

II.—THE THREE CLASSES OF LITERARY ART—*(Continued).*

WHEN we come to the third class, that in which the literary title may be regarded as merely an elegant bow of introduction, we have again before us many more instances than we can pause to catalogue. There is Miss Nellie Sansom's "Won't you buy my pretty flowers?"; there is Mr. Lee Hankey's "Since upon night so sweet, Such awful morn could rise." Both these pictures have the same quality, that instead of the painting being merely a clever interpretation of a subject, one is impressed with the idea that the title or subject is a positively brilliant effort to suit the picture. Along with these, strictly speaking, should go the vigorous idealistic allegory for which a literary title has been found, such as Mr. Henry Stock's "Life's Immensity," Mr. Herbert Ward's "A Peep at Rabelais," Mr. Arthur Gaskin's "Psyche," Mr. Frank Topham's "A Lady of Quality"—all, in their various ways, bear witness to the universality of this custom in art. The titles are thrown off almost as a kind of humorous apology; they show the artist's reading and general intelligence, but Mr. Ward's gentleman might be peeping at Law's "Serious Call" as much as at Rabelais, Mr. Gaskin's lady might be any other lady besides Psyche, and Mr. Topham's "Lady of Quality" might be any other lady of quality besides Clorinda Wildairs. We do not complain of this custom; it gives much innocent amusement to the upper classes and others who cannot humanely be expected to be artistic, but in justice to the painters, a totally different method of criticism should be adopted towards these paintings to that which is adopted towards painting seriously intended to interpret literature. We should take them on their own merits, which are often very great.

Although we have divided the majority of pictures into these sections, there are certain singular sub-sections to be noticed. One of these is that class of pictures in which the poetic motif is obviously sincere and even absorbing, but in which the interpretation is a product of strange and all-transforming modern habits of thought. In a small picture in an obscure corner of one of the galleries will be found a startling example of this, an illustration by Mr. Sidney Meteyard of a sentence from Omar Khayyam, "Wine is a melted ruby; the cup is the mine." We are well aware that Omar was an unhappy man, as every man always was and always will be who tries to manufacture happiness out of pleasure—sunbeams out of cucumbers. But we do not believe that in the act of drinking wine he looked so unfathomably dismal as the drinker here depicted. The ruby in the cup might be cod-liver oil. This singular and not unattractive candour about the dulness of dissipation is a very modern thing. As we have said in a previous article, it is characteristic of the "Lancelot and Guinevere"; it also appears, far more appropriately and quite gracefully, in Mr. Henry Rheam's "Melisande."

Then there is a class of pictures in which the artist, though sympathetic and poetical, is in the grasp of certain immemorial traditions which no artist seems able to throw off. Why is it, for example, that Lorenzo and Isabella have

* All rights of reproduction of these pictures are reserved by the Artists. For the previous articles in this series see THE BOOKMAN for June and July.

suffered so cruelly at the hands of the "æsthetic" school? They have been treated by some of the most imaginative artists of the century, and the final impression and conclusion seems to be that they were two of the ugliest people Heaven ever tolerated. This archaic habit partly spoils a genuine sentiment for landscape in Mr. Frank Cowper's version of the subject and a genuine sense of physiognomy in Mr. Southall's. The latter is surely wrong in imitating the mere erroneous details of early Italian art. That art contains genius which the world will never sufficiently praise, but Mr. Southall need no more imitate the mediæval artists' anatomical ugliness than go and burn witches out of respect to their religion.

"At Every Word a Reputation Dies." By Ellen Frank. Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours. No. 84. Reproduced by kind permission of the Artist.

"Lorenzo and Isabella." By Joseph E. Southall.

"Lorenzo! here she ceased her timid quest;
But in her tone and look he read the rest."—*Keats.*

Reproduced from "Pictures of the Year" by kind permission of Messrs. H. Virtue and Co.

In marked contrast to this Pre-Raphaelite eccentricity we have one or two pictures of the Impressionist school. As this school prides itself on having its portraits of distinguished persons mistaken for views of the earthquake at Lisbon, it may readily be inferred that scenes from fiction in which several characters take part, often demand faith rather than comprehension. But among these works should be especially noticed one admirable picture, Mr. Claud Shepperson's "John Inglesant." With the exception of the "Cervantes at Lepanto" in the same gallery we know nothing this year so suggestive of an animated and original illustration of literature.

The third angle of the great critical triangle, after the Pre-Raphaelite and the Impressionist, may be found in the purely realistic treatment of Edgar Allan Poe's poem in Mr. Bernard Gribble's picture, "The Plague Ship." Mr. Steer's "Dr. Johnson" and Miss Tenison's illustration to "Salambo" are in other ways examples of this third character.

Among the sub-divisions and variations of which we have spoken, one small but excellent class remains unnoticed. It is that in which a familiar quotation is used, but is used in a definitely novel and even ironic manner which often amounts to literary as well as pictorial wit. Such an example we quoted in June in the study, "In the Spring a Young Man's Fancy." Such an example, again, may be found in Mrs. Franks' picture, "At Every Word a Reputation Dies," which depicts a circle of screaming parrots in whom the gestures of the human critic are clearly discernible. Doubtless they are literary critics. We wonder, now, who the dark and ferocious creature that dominates the group can be.

G. K. CHESTERTON AND J. E. HODDER WILLIAMS.

A GENERATION OF SCOTTISH LITERATURE AND JOURNALISM.

III.—FREE LANCES AND MISCELLANEOUS WRITERS.

A GREAT deal of the cleverest journalism and perhaps not a little of the most enlivening literature which has been produced in Scotland during the past fifty years is buried in the pages of newspapers whose very names are but memories. At the present moment there are only three daily newspapers in Edinburgh—the *Scotsman*, the *News*, and the *Dispatch*; adequate negative testimony is borne to the spirit and ability with which they are conducted by the fact that no Harmsworth or Pearson or political syndicate has yet tried to start a halfpenny morning daily in a district whose population may, for newspaper reading purposes, be accounted as not less than half a million. But I can easily recall the time when Edinburgh had four penny dailies competing for its suffrages — the Whig *Scotsman*, the Conservative *Courant*, and the Radical *Caledonian Mercury* and *Daily Review*, though, if I remember aright, the second last gave up the ghost shortly after the last drew its first breath. But I can go farther back and recall, though not so readily, a whole host of cheap and clever weekly papers which had their day and have long ago ceased to be. The most conspicuous of these were perhaps the *News* and the *Express*. Radicalism of a (then) very extreme type was the note of the *News*. It was mainly purveyed—so at least gossip averred—by two very capable writers of the names of Stewart and Forsyth. I lost sight of Stewart; but Forsyth proceeded from Edinburgh to Inverness, unless I am greatly mistaken, and there founded the *Advertiser*. So strong and palatable was the Radicalism of the *News* that it penetrated into the essentially Chartist—indeed almost Jacobinical—and Dissenting Fifeshire community to which my folk belonged. The independent handloom weavers who constituted the preponderating section of it—their descendants are now in the employ of the all-absorbing and all-dominating capitalist—were quite satisfied with their favourite paper, the *Fife Herald*, which was published in Cupar. And they had reason to be, because it had quite a succession of remarkably able editors, including Alexander Russel, who tried his prentice hand upon it, and a clergyman of the name of Gillespie, who, I think, blossomed into a St. Andrews professor. They read the *News* simply as a supplement and fortification to the *Herald*; the beverage it supplied was a trifle hotter and stronger than what they received in the ordinary course once a week.

"Won't you Buy my Pretty Flowers?" By Nellie Sansom.

"Underneath the gaslight's glitter
Stands a little fragile girl,
Heedless of the night-winds bitter,
As they round about her whirl.
While the hundreds pass unheeding,
In the evening's waning hours,
Still she cries with tearful pleading,
'Won't you buy my pretty flowers?'"

Royal Society of British Artists. No. 487. Reproduced by kind permission of the Artist. (See Literary Pictures of the Year.)

The *Express* was different. It was written by cleverish young men with a certain fund of humour for other cleverish young men with an adequate sense of the ridiculous. Rather curiously, I cannot recall its politics, and I do not remember ever having heard the name of any of its editors. Probably it did without much editing. It was just such a paper as would have had contributions, bearing the enduring marks of a notable personality, from young men like R. L. Stevenson and J. M. Barrie, had it been issued in Edinburgh during their undergraduate days there. It looked as if it were run by students of law, medicine, and above all of divinity. I remember two things in the *Express* as if they had appeared but yesterday, because our grave and indeed austere seniors—incited perhaps by some of the young men who had friends among the students—roared over and read them aloud of a night. The

"A Peep at Rabelais." By Herbert Ward. Royal Academy. No. 399. Reproduced by kind permission of the Artist. (See Literary Pictures of the Year.)

first was a series of very frank sketches of the different professors in the University. They were obviously done with gusto and knowledge. The portraits of the Divinity professors in particular were very well executed. Thus a contrast was drawn between the literary styles of Dr. James Robertson, Professor of Ecclesiastical History, and well known for his management of the Endowment Scheme of the Church of Scotland, and Dr. Robert Lee, Professor of Biblical Criticism, and famous for the "innovations" he introduced into Old Greyfriars Church, of which he was the minister. Dr. Robertson was an old-fashioned Scot, snuffed prodigiously, and talked what his caricaturist termed "the brawd Dawric of the Naahshonal Bahrd." Dr. Robert Lee, who was born on the southern side of the Border, smoked modern cigars, and spoke English with an almost fashionable accent, as, by the way, did his Free Church brother-in-law, Dr. Robert Buchanan of the Sustentation Fund. So the artist who drew the two Professors—quite respectfully on the whole—contrasted them by representing Robertson as speaking of "Naytyer, Skriptyer, and Leeteratyer," and Lee as talking of "Naychaw, Squipchaw, and Littywichaw." And then a tremendous controversy was got up in the *Express* over the vacancy in the Chair of Logic caused by the death of Sir William Hamilton, or, as the adventurous balladist of the paper put it :

> All in the University
> A learned man did die,
> So in the Logic Chair there was
> A mournful vacancy.

The successful applicant was Mr.—now Emeritus, evergreen, and ever-popular Professor — Campbell Fraser, then described in the ballad as—

> A mighty man of knowledge,
> The Rev. A. C. Fraser he
> Of the sanctified New College.

Fraser's chief rival was the undoubtedly brilliant Professor Ferrier, of St. Andrews, nephew of the greatest of Scottish female novelists. He was very popular with his students, and after they left St. Andrews to study law, medicine, and divinity in Edinburgh they did their utmost to secure the promotion of their old master to Sir William Hamilton's Chair. How they did lash about them in the columns of the *Express* under such *nommes de guerre* as *Vindex* and *Scrutator* with pens as heavy as worthy Fred Bayham's and hearts as light !

No doubt many of the lively writers who started on such ephemeral journals as the *Express* ultimately found a local habitation, if not also a name, on the steady and established papers to which I have already alluded. To be sure, the shadow of struggle with the *res angusta domi* and of impending death was upon both the *Caledonian Mercury* and the *Edinburgh Courant*, the organs of extreme Radicalism and extreme Toryism, when I came to Edinburgh. But both had writers contributing to them of not inconsiderable ability. The *Mercury* was certainly not far off its end. The common belief seemed to be that Mr. Duncan McLaren, who used to finance it, got tired of paying his annual subsidy, more especially after he found himself firm in his seat as Radical member for Edinburgh. The last editor—or at all events the last editor but one—was a Mr. Roby, a native of Ireland, if I mistake not, to which he returned, I think, on leaving Edinburgh. He was an amiable man and a dashing, slashing writer of the old school. Unfortunately, however, he came to Edinburgh too late to make his talents effectually known. He was too prone, also, to make attacks upon the *Scotsman* which that journal never replied to. I can still recall a bill which I saw flaunted in the vicinity of the Register House and bearing this legend, "For the *Scotsman* garotted see this day's *Mercury*." I was but a boy then, but I thought this rather puerile journalism, and so it was. No doubt, however, Mr. Roby was rather pushed for sensations with which to attract readers to his newspaper. Some of the clever young Radicals — especially advocates gaily doing nothing in the Parliament House—wrote for Mr. Roby, although their efforts were probably not very extravagantly rewarded. I think I could name one or two learned sheriffs of to-day who did work for the *Mercury*. I noticed in the newspaper obituary not long ago the death announced of an advocate of the old school—Mr. Dundas Grant—who also used to write for the *Mercury*.

Mr. Espinasse has in his Reminiscences told a good deal about the *Edinburgh Courant* when it was edited by James Hannay and by himself, and told it in a very entertaining fashion. He was succeeded in the editorship by Mr. James Scot Henderson. Mr. Henderson had been trained to the business of banking in Paisley, but had drifted into journalism. He had edited the *Ayr Observer* and a Bristol Conservative paper before he came to Edinburgh and the *Courant*. He was a singularly fluent, rapid, and versatile, though not exceptionally brilliant writer. Rather oddly, his specialties were metaphysics and money. On philosophy he wrote not only in the *Courant*, but in that admirable quarterly, the *North British Review*, then published by Messrs. Edmonston and Douglas. His capacity as a financial expert stood him in good stead when, after some years' experience of Edinburgh, he migrated to London. There he became editor of the *Bullionist*. But he met with an accident on the Metropolitan Railway which cost him both his legs. He died a considerable number of years ago in Canada, whither he had gone for the benefit of his general health. A good number of clever young Conservative advocates wrote for the *Courant* in these days, including three living judges, Lord Robertson (successor to Lord Watson), Lord Kingsburgh, the present Lord Justice Clerk, and then, as indeed now, an authority on military matters, and Lord Stormonth Darling. Occasionally too, I fancy, the *Courant* obtained help in regard to legal matters from Mr. Charles Scott, a strong Tory Democrat in politics, who died Sheriff of Chancery. "Charley" Scott, as he was generally styled, had been trained as a journalist in Perthshire—he was a native of its capital—and in Fifeshire.

But incomparably the cleverest occasional contributor to the *Courant* in these days—and one of the cleverest contributors to any newspaper in Scotland—was Patrick Proctor Alexander, to whom a slight allusion has been made by Mr. Espinasse. I was introduced to him by Mr. Henderson, and soon got to the footing, I shall not say of intimate friendship—Alexander was too strong a man to allow of that—but of intimate acquaintanceship. Many of the happiest Saturday winter evenings that I spent in Edinburgh in these times were in his rooms, a terrible number of stairs up, in 20, Pitt Street. He was unattached in every sense. He was a confirmed bachelor. Rumour talked of "an early disappointment"; and when one saw his tall, erect, and handsome figure set off by evening dress, one felt inclined to believe that rumour had for once spoken the truth. He had always plenty of money—he died about sixty-two or so quite comfortably, and left some thousands—and so he never required to write for a livelihood. The son of a famous old professor of Greek in St. Andrews, he graduated at its University. He was an excellent classic, and a more than excellent student in metaphysics. One of the things that delighted him about the time I came to know him first was his appointment to the examinership in Mental Philosophy in St. Andrews. He also graduated as a first-class amateur golfer, held his own with Robert Chambers, junior, who was the Hilton of his day, and wrote the only verse about the game—more especially about the St. Andrews bunkers—which is more than passable. For some occult reason he went into business in Glasgow as a carpet manufacturer or a carpet seller, I cannot recall which. He was the very reverse of a success in this line; some of his experiences as he related them to me were most amusing. But, of course, he had pleasant rambles in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, which he once said to me was "the best town in Scotland to get out of," made the acquaintance of worthy James Hedderwick, who, before he started the *Citizen*, had been on the staff of the *Scotsman*, of Hugh Macdonald, a "graphic" reporter of talent amounting almost to genius, and above all, of Alexander Smith, the poet, whose "Remains" he published with a biography, which, to my thinking, is perfect of its kind. No doubt he wrote criticism and poetry—he concocted good verse, but had not sufficient passion to make a really great poet—for the Glasgow papers. But his business career soon came to an end, and he migrated to Edinburgh, where he lived, wrote, and read to the end of his chapter. For a period he worked for the *Scotsman*; an obstinate tradition associates his name with a famous article on Principal Cairns, just as another associates Dr. Wallace's with an article on Dr. Guthrie. But after a time he ceased to write for the *Scotsman*, and

"Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise." By W. Lee Hankey. Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours. No. 560. Specially photographed for THE BOOKMAN, and reproduced by kind permission of the Artist. (See Literary Pictures of the Year.)

"Wine is a melted Ruby and the Cup is the Mine thereof."—*Omar Khayyam*. By Sidney Meteyard. Royal Academy. No. 1,115. Reproduced by kind permission of the Artist. (See Literary Pictures of the Year)

became a free lance. He was doing work for the *Courant* when I was introduced to him—chiefly criticism and caustic judgments of local notabilities and pretentious humbugs. Alexander was, however, more of a man of letters than of a journalist, and introduced me to the underwoods and underwoodsmen—some of these were also *Blackwoods*men—of Edinburgh literature. With this curious, interesting, and practically unknown world, I shall deal in my next article.

DELTA.

THE JOURNALIST.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

The journalists' excursion to Paris in September promises to be a great success. Special trains and special steamer have been chartered. The four days' trip will cost four guineas, including rail and steamer fare, hotel accommodation, etc. Mr. A. Spurgeon, of Whitefriars House, Carmelite Street, E.C., is acting as the chairman of the organising committee.

Much regret has been occasioned at Taunton by the death of Mr. Sidney Downes Petherick, a pupil on the reporting staff of the *Somerset County Gazette*, which took place on the 29th of June. The deceased had been engaged in journalistic work for the past eighteen months, and during that short time had attained great proficiency, so that he had every prospect of a successful career.

The death of Mr. J. S. Allport, who was the principal leader-writer on the staff of the *East Anglian Daily Times*, has evoked great sympathy in the Eastern Counties. Mr. Allport was not only a brilliant journalist, but he was an enthusiastic politician, and the Liberal party will feel his loss very keenly.

Mr. W. H. Toulmin, formerly of the *Sheffield Independent*, has joined the literary staff of the *Lancashire Daily Post* and *Preston Guardian*.

Mr. White, formerly of Aylesbury, is leaving the *Preston Herald* to take up a position on the *Norwich Chronicle*.

Mr. Lawrence Gilbertson, formerly editor of the *West Lothian Courier*, Bathgate, has removed to London.

The *Middlesbrough Evening Telegraph*, which has been run by the Unionist Party for some time in opposition to Sir Hugh Gilzean Reid's paper, the *North Eastern Gazette*, suspended publication on July 14th. The directorate included such well-known men as Mr. Hugh Bell, Mr. Jas. Lowther, M.P., Mr. Herbert Pike Pease, M.P., and Mr. Arthur Francis Pease. Mr. Samuel Burrows, who has acted as editor and manager, made a brave fight for success, but circumstances proved too much for him.

The quarterly meeting of the Institute of Journalists (Sheffield district) was held last month at the Mansion House, Doncaster, kindly placed at the disposal of members by his Worship the Mayor (Alderman Bentley, J.P.). Mr. W. Jacques (Chesterfield) presided. The Mayor was present during the proceedings and welcomed the members to Doncaster. Mr. H. C. Hemmingway (Rotherham) and Mr. W. C. Thomson (Sheffield) were appointed delegates to the annual conference. Mr. R. H. Dunbar introduced a discussion on "The Law of Libel," in which the Mayor took part. Later the Mayor and Mayoress entertained the members to tea. The meeting was one of the most successful the district has held.

Mr. J. A. Hammerton, who for a period of nearly three years has been editor of the *Birmingham Weekly Post*, has been appointed general editor and literary adviser to the well-known London publishing house of S. W. Partridge and Company. His management will be associated with new departures

"Melisande." By Henry M. Rheam. Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours. No. 456. Specially photographed for THE BOOKMAN, and reproduced by kind permission of the Artist. (See Literary Pictures of the Year.)

in the get-up and contents of the pictorial magazines with which the name of Partridge has been connected for so many years past, and by a development of the general publishing department. Mr. Hammerton is widely known as a contributor to various magazines, and as the author of books which have been highly praised by the reviewers and have had a wide circulation, among them being "The Actor's Art" (to which Sir Henry Irving contributed an eulogistic prefatory note) and "J. M. Barrie and his Books," which is about to be published by Horace Marshall and Sons. Prior to going to Birmingham he was editor of the *Nottingham Daily Express*. The *Birmingham Weekly Post*, under his editorship, has undergone some important changes. Mr. Hammerton will be succeeded in Birmingham by Mr. Vincent Wray, editor of the *Newcastle Weekly Leader*.

The holding of the quarterly meeting of the Liverpool district of the Institute of Journalists at Douglas, Isle of Man, on July 7th, gave several members of the Liverpool and other sub-districts an opportunity of spending a short though pleasant holiday in the Isle of Man. The meeting took place in the Council Chamber, Douglas, where the district members were warmly welcomed by the Mayor of Douglas, Mr. Samuel Webb. Mr. H. Isherwood (Warrington) presided. The principal business was the consideration of the position of the Isle of Man sub-district, which has been numerically weak for some time. After discussion, it was decided that a recommendation should be made to the Executive Committee of the Institute that all old members of the Isle of Man sub-district who were willing to rejoin, should be readmitted on payment of the current year's subscriptions. Messrs. Samuel Norris, T. H. Thorpe and J. R. Brigatzy, of Douglas, were elected members of the Institute. It was decided that the next quarterly meeting should be held in Warrington.

Mr. S. Watkins, who has been connected with the *Lincolnshire Echo* during its six years' existence, has been appointed sub-editor in succession to Mr. Muir.

Mr. J. R. Cowen, jun., of the *Times* sub-editorial staff, left on July 18th for China, to succeed Dr. Morrison. He took with him his cousin, Mr. Frederick Bruce, of Hull, as private secretary. Mr. T. C. Cowen, brother of Dr. Morrison's successor, is the *Daily News* correspondent at Tientsin, and a third brother is editor of a North Lancashire journal.

SCOTLAND.

The *Edinburgh Evening News*, belonging to the firm of H. J. and J. Wilson, has been turned into a limited liability company, with a capital of £200,000, divided into 100,000 ordinary shares of £1 each, and 100,000 five per cent. cumulative preference shares of £1 each. The vendors, Messrs. Robert Wilson, John Wilson, and J. M. Wilson, will continue to act as directors. They retain all the ordinary shares and £25,000 of preference shares, the remainder being offered to the public.

"The Plague Ship of the Yellow Death." By Bernard Gribble. Royal Academy. No. 1,051. Illustrating a passage from the Narrative of Gordon Pym, by Edgar Allan Poe. Reproduced by kind permission of the Artist and of the Proprietors of *Black and White*, from whose "Royal Academy Pictures" the block is taken. (See Literary Pictures of the Year.)

IRELAND.

The half-yearly meeting of the Ulster district of the Institute of Journalists took place last month at Larne. The chairman, Mr. G. M. Ogilvie, laid before the members a scheme for the establishment of a Press club in Belfast, and the secretary was instructed to obtain the opinion of the district on the matter. It is hoped that the scheme will take practical shape during the coming autumn. After the appointment of delegates to the annual conference the members drove to Garron Tower, where dinner was served.

WALES.

Mr. J. J. Howard Bell, of Darlington, has accepted position of reporter on the *South Wales Daily Telegraph* (late *Star of Ghent*), published at Newport, Mon.

NEW BOOKS.

A CATHOLIC LAURENCE OLIPHANT.*

Yes, Laurence Oliphant, accomplished man of the world, saint, politician, visionary, with a charming wife whom he sacrifices in one whole burnt-offering with himself,—such is Robert Orange, it appears to me. Do we like him? Much depends on our own view of the supreme laws and ideals. We admire, even if we take him for an infatuated egoist; we like, with a touch of exasperation; the man shakes in pieces our everyday world as though he were Faust; and the many who detest whole burnt offerings will call him Werther,—did he not commit suicide? Evidently, John Oliver Hobbes can set readers thinking, if thought be in them. The tale of love handled thus becomes tragic as experience itself, with doubtful, hard, and vexing issues. In all which there should be what Irish idiom styles the "makings" of a great book. And there are.

"Psyche." By Arthur Gaskin. New Gallery. No. 152. From a Cartoon specially drawn for THE BOOKMAN by the Artist, and reproduced by his kind permission. (See Literary Pictures of the Year.)

I remember a Russian lady who once complained in my hearing that all English novels are the same. "Robert Orange," then, is not English, but something different, and I will say better. It touches a string not often sounded. The keen, bright manner, the sparkle of epigram, the want even of melancholy shade,—though not of sadness,—are French, almost à la Bruyère, which, as I view the problem of composition, is extraordinary praise. No one can question the art which deals so convincingly with its materials; which is light-satirical in the drawing-room, serious and not second-hand where it takes religion from the golden shrine of its hiddenness, far seen in the terrors, strength, splendid abnegation of love. And the whole is a story one may run through, as if it were some alley in the Park about Trianon, artificial-natural, verdant woodland, with a palace near though not visible. The hero, in this especially akin to Laurence Oliphant, gives up the world when he knows it, exchanges reality for a dream:—I do not say the dream will prove false, but the price is paid out of his heart, and he renounces an infinite sweetness of which he can tell the taste by way of expiation for his father's sin. There is a curious charm,—French and very modern,—in this mixture of religion and social gaieties, followed by the conflict of elements that refuse to assimilate. Madame de Sévigné might have written—she would have read with extreme pleasure,—this account of the "born priest" who moves steadily on, through fire and flame, towards the fulfilment of his vocation. It is true that Madame de Sévigné was, *tant soit peu*, a Jansenist, while John Oliver Hobbes, and Disraeli, who is here so admirably given, can say brave things on behalf of the Jesuits. But, allowing for prejudice on either side (and my own, if it exists) I find in "Robert Orange" the great everlasting human motives,—love, faith, marriage, self-sacrifice,—audible in a music which has continual grace and a strong under-current of subdued feeling.

The artist flings a challenge to all the discernment, vivacity, and genuine culture that our reading public ought to possess. Do not imagine the tale is sectarian; no experience can ever be simply that. Transpose the music; call it, with George Eliot, "The Spanish Gypsy," and listen to its profound accords; they will resemble these. Or let it be, I say, the tantalising Oliphant who preaches and practises that strange "heavenly marriage," while he and his heroic wife are consumed in a Nirvana which, though it should be in the end delusion, has cast over them both a magnificent mirage. There is no other key but sympathetic curiosity which will unlock the meaning here. A study, therefore, in mysticism? Why not? Can we leave it out and fancy we know what is happening round about us? These invisible yet public forces shape every existence, including yours and mine.

The characters are real enough; some we should like to see longer on the stage. Lady Sara, the half Russian, who might so easily be wicked to vary the commonplace of "forced laughter and garlanded conversation," ought to have a book to herself. Agnes Carillon, English, demure, and at length daring, who takes the bit between her teeth and runs away, has done as much in real life before now; it is the Anglican innocence, shocking to a French sense of the proprieties, and oddly amusing, though earnest as a funeral. Lord Reckage no one will quite like or will ever forget; he would have met his comrades in "Coningsby," had he not lived after their time. It is remarkable that as each character plays up to us we feel interested; there is blood in their veins; but I own to some uncertainty in making out Mrs. Parflete's true nature,—and that, perhaps, is as it should be, for this wilful young woman, with the genius and the arrogance of her parents, was somewhat of an enigma to herself. "Pompilia before sorrow came," says the author, "not Juliet." She was much too clever, too intellectual,—in a word, too French,—for Juliet. But Pompilia? That is worth considering. It brings me to the last of my comparisons and similitudes.

Fairly, then, to judge this rare kind of novel, we should

* "Robert Orange: A Sequel to The School for Saints." By John Oliver Hobbes. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

keep before us the most touching, as they are the most Shakespearian lines that Browning ever wrote—less than two pages of Pompilia's dying speech in "The Ring and the Book." Everyone knows them; they explain, they consecrate the celibate life as it comes before us here:—

"He is a priest;
He cannot marry, therefore, which is right;
I think he would not marry, if he could—
Marriage on earth seems such a counterfeit,
Mere imitation of the inimitable;
In heaven we have the real and true and sure.
'Tis there they neither marry nor are given
In marriage, but are as the angels; right,
Oh how right that is, how like Jesus Christ
To say that."

And so on to the end:—

"Through such souls alone
God stooping shows sufficient of His light
For us i' the dark to rise by. And I rise."

"A Lady of Quality." By Frank W. W. Topham. Royal Academy. No. 619. Reproduced by kind permission of the Artist. (See Literary Pictures of the Year.)

Browning was no more a Roman Catholic than was Oliphant. The poet and the mystic, however, agree in their testimony that there is a divine aspect of things, even for men and women of genius, which reveals some other kind of love between human creatures than the domestic, excellent as this will ever be for the multitude. But in the severe Catholic ideal no Platonism will serve; it must be renunciation, complete and final—doubtless the only safe way. We might have been shown Robert's struggle to self-mastery more in detail; a slight infusion of "Werther" would have sweetened the bitterness to readers who cannot breathe long on these heights. And, in fact, the silence indicated by his "Journal" put under lock and key was, we may be sure, terrible in its pangs beyond all Wertherian sentiment. Let the public who are curious about such things not dream that any page of "Robert Orange" is sheer imagination, founded on no experience. It has all been lived; in the truest sense it is a criticism of life. And in essence the tale is as noble as it is true. Vocation ought to be followed, without moaning, without looking back. The last word is not despair, but courage. Perfection in any art or science, and therefore in the science of life, is bought with one's whole self, no less; it is always worth the price it asks of us. In the Laurence Oliphants we find much to blame, more to wonder at; but the ideal they pursue will surely have saved them. I could wish that Robert Orange were a little touched with faults and imperfections; might he be justified rather by his faith than his works! But, like Madame de Sévigné, one is possibly Jansenist on certain points, and silence is golden. Those, I will venture to say, who doubt whether John Oliver Hobbes has produced a work of the finest quality, should have for their penance to translate it into French. They would then either confess their insular incompetence, or be compelled to feel that a certain exquisite art had been employed in setting before Englishmen an ideal of stern tenderness which is not far from Goethe, with his "Entbehren sollst Du, sollst entbehren," as it is expressed in Saint Theresa, and burns like a crimson flower in all religion which has struck its roots deep into the heart of Christ.

WILLIAM BARRY.

PERIODS OF EUROPEAN LITERATURE.*

Professor Saintsbury, when he planned this series, exhibited a noble faith in the linguistic accomplishment of English literary scholars. The writers have to keep at least four separate literature teams going at the same time—English, French, South European, and Germanic, with an occasional glance over the shoulder at Scandinavian and Slavonic. We have to consider this synoptic plan as applied to the fifteenth century.

Now there are not a great number, even among professed students, whose views upon the literature of Lydgate, and Occleve, and Hawes are in a very definite state, and when it comes to the German or Portuguese contemporaries of Stephen Hawes, the scholar who can mention as much as a couple of names is likely to get to the top of his class. A few well-known writers have, it is true, cast a *coup d'œil* over a period embracing some centuries in four or five languages; such were Sismondi, an author whose presumption and inaccuracy frequently attain proportions well-nigh colossal, and our own Hallam, a man, if ever there was one, who is entitled to plead not guilty to the charge of a sham omniscience. Yet occasionally, even in the case of Hallam, one is tempted to ask, Could any one really be so wise as this writer appears? Similarly, in the case of Professor Saintsbury's colleagues, the critic who is candid is compelled to deprecate the breadth of literary acquirement that is taken for granted in such a challenge as the following:

"And if there is anyone who yet scoffs at the theory that the ballad activity in Denmark was a direct inspiration from the northern ballads in this island in the wake of the transmission of the French Romances from West to East, he has yet to explain among other things, that the ballad of *Thord of Hafsgaard* is not an obvious recension of the *Lay of Thrym*, or that the *Child Sveidal* of Reformation times is not a poor recast of the older poem."

Yet insensible though we may be to the beauty of this remark,

* Periods of European Literature (ed. by Prof. Saintsbury). "The Transition Period." By G. Gregory Smith, M.A. 5s. net. (Blackwood.)

we are nevertheless inclined to think that the conception of this series is a good one, and that, as the twentieth century progresses, the need of studying literary history upon a horizontal chronological plan of this description will be increasingly felt.

No doubt can be entertained as to the highly accomplished scholarship of the volume before us. Every page shows the breadth and depth of the author's research. The critical repositories of France, Germany, Italy, and Spain have been ransacked in order to furnish material for literary judgments; but everywhere the views eventually adopted are the writer's own. Suggestive comparisons abound, and ideas in great number are expressed that indicate not only a delicate literary intuition and a well-defined perspective, but also a very happy knack of metaphor and of phrase. A book of the kind is addressed primarily to the scholar, whose interest will be better served by a brief communication of the scope of the work, than by any minute critical commentary. Chapters I. and II. are devoted respectively to the English and Scots poetry of the fifteenth century, and, as might be supposed, the second chapter, dealing with Henryson and Dunbar and *Christis Kirk on the Grene*, far surpasses in interest the first, extended though that is to include the not unamusing clownage of John Skelton. One is delighted in Chapter III. to encounter the chronicler Froissart tricked out as a love poet, who to Richard II.'s query as to the contents of his verses, replied succinctly "D'amours," and to pass on from him to the over-rated Charles d'Orléans, and then from Villon to King René of Anjou, the "bon René," who nurses his poetical vein in the sunlight of Scott's *Anne of Geierstein*. This is the fullest and by far the most adequate account of René that we have seen in English, and we must congratulate Mr. Gregory Smith on rescuing him from the obscurity of well-nigh forgotten French monographs. Chapter IV. upon the Italian Humanists, notably Poliziano, Pulci, and Boiardo, concludes with an interesting sketch of Jacopo Sannazaro, the discoverer of Arcady—the "renaissance counterpart to the mediæval Garden of the Rose" (an excellent similitude), that Arcady, moreover, which is specially interesting to us as the realm rediscovered by Sir Philip Sidney, and as the preserve whence Shakespeare drew the beautiful name Ophelia. Chapter VI., after a quantity of erudite information concerning the Spanish and Portuguese poets of the fifteenth century, concludes with some account of the German poetry, a transition which the writer, with a characteristic trope, likens to "leaving a tilt-yard for a city *Fest*." Coming at the close of a section upon Portuguese poetry (which stops short of Ribeiro), the festive aspect of the German verse of such performers as Ulrich Fürterer, Oswald von Walkenstein, and still lesser bards, partakes slightly perhaps of the character of an assumption; but the reader is rewarded at the close of the chapter by an excellent description of the series of satirical panels to which Sebastian Brant gave the name of *The Ship of Fools* (Narrenschiff), for the later history of which the scholar will do well to consult Professor Herford's book upon the "Literary Relations of England and Germany in the Sixteenth Century." The central chapter is the next, dealing with the fascinating subject of the Ballads. Mr. Gregory Smith will not hear of their prehistoric origin, and the theories as to their being the property of minstrels or owing their form to popular inspiration appear to him equally absurd. He regards them not as the relics of a remote communal past—not, in short, as literary fossils, but as the literary débris of the Middle Ages (somewhat as the seventeenth century ballads constitute the débris of the Elizabethan drama). The matter here is largely controversial, but the manner of the chapter is wholly admirable, containing as it does a great number of highly suggestive points. Criticism might possibly demand that more distinction should be made between the ballads proper and the dancing songs, or the rispetti and other popular fragments of verse, but the main contention of the chapter appears to us to be beyond cavil. The eighteenth century critics were probably as far astray in characterising the ballads as "natural" (as opposed to "artificial"), as they were in distinguishing in the same manner the *Iliad* of Homer or the plays of Shakespeare. "Natural" poetry is one of the figments of the age of Ossian Macpherson and Jean Jacques Rousseau. Chapters VII., VIII., and IX. condense a great deal of scholarly information upon the origins of the drama, and the last three chapters deal with the expansion of prose in Western Europe, the names that arrest special attention here being those of Caxton, Malory, and Commines. To the latter full justice is done in a portrait full of delicate shading. Sire Philippe's study of Louis XI., upon which he lavished a deal of care, "transcends, even in literary intensity, the masterpiece of Sir Walter Scott."

Elaboration is the essential characteristic of our author's research, method, and manner, and, like the rest of us, Mr. Gregory Smith cannot escape the defects of his qualities. We shall not be misunderstood if we exhort him to beware of "the forgotten allusions and obscure vocabulary" with which he justly charges Villon. A work of this kind is hardly the place for such Gautier-like eccentricities of language as "prehistoric crowders." We should have been well content had the author lingered less fondly in "the secreit corneris of his gazophile," and dwelt more upon the advent of the printing press.

Some of the epithets (*e.g.*, the "*gentler* freedom" on p. 147) appear to us rather far-fetched, and the subtlety of a phrase such as "The French verse of 1420 enjoys *as it may*, the heritage of the Rose," is apt to give the reader pause. In concluding a summary, such sentences as "It is the nemesis of modern egoism that we revive the derided pedigree of the Middle Ages in the Noahs and Evanders of the Fifteenth Century," are not calculated to send the student away with the pleasant (and valuable) illusion that things formerly obscure are becoming translucent. Mr. Gregory Smith disdains, perhaps a little too much, the devices of the *vulgarisateur*. He does not conceive it to be the function of the literary professor to perform Sir Boyle Roche's miracle, by converting sterile mountains into smiling valleys. But let us at least be thankful to him for his conscientious research, finely matured taste, and finished scholarship.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

A HISTORY OF GREECE.*

This volume deals with that period of history, the second half of the fifth century B.C., which has been immortalised by the genius of Thucydides, and Dr. Abbott closely follows his great authority. In fact three-fourths of his work is practically a *résumé* of Thucydides, who is either quoted or referred to on every page, and no one, after reading it, can fail to wonder why any student should prefer it to the original narrative. Dr. Abbott does, indeed, add a certain amount of illustrative information, such as may be found in many editions of Thucydides, but on the other hand he sometimes omits what is invaluable, he abstains from criticism where criticism is essential, and as a writer he lacks the force and vivacity of the great Athenian.

There is, for example, probably no page in written history so striking as that in which Thucydides (3.81) comments on the massacres at Corcyra. It is written "for all time" in the deliberate belief that "while the nature of man remains the same" similar outbursts of savagery may and will take place. The merest dabbler in Greek history should know it almost by heart, but Dr. Abbott *entirely omits it*, and instead inserts this extraordinary note, which deserves exact quotation:—

"For a criticism on Thucydides' account of the Corcyrean sedition, see Müller-Strübing in *N. Jahrbüch für Phil.* vol. 133, p. 585 ff.; and for a criticism on this, Hohn's *Greek Hist.* ii. p. 392. See also Macan, *Transactions of the Oxford Phil. Soc.* 1886-1887, pp. 30-31."

To withhold necessary information, and then refer a student to the hundred and thirty-third volume of a German Journal is, perhaps, relished as a form of learned irony in University circles, but ruder critics will be apt to murmur something about "asking for bread" and being "given a stone."

Again, if there is any point on which a student needs guidance it is with regard to the historical value of the speeches in Thucydides. He finds a speech of Alcibiades quoted just in the same way as he has seen a speech of Disraeli quoted from *Hansard*, and no hint is given him that the report is not equally *verbatim*. Dr. Abbott does not give him a syllable of information, and, in addition, robs him of the pregnant words (1.22) in which Thucydides himself describes the principles on which his speeches were composed. A solitary note refers in a line and a half to "the Essay of Prof. Jebb in *Hellenica*," but the reader who has not that book at his side is left in total darkness.

It would be possible, however, to pardon such oversights in a work which otherwise exhibited conspicuous merit. Much, for instance, might be forgiven to a writer who could draw the great figures of this great period so as to impress them on our

* "A History of Greece." By Dr. Evelyn Abbott. Vol. III. 10s. 6d. (Longmans.)

imagination. But Dr. Abbott refuses to be interesting. His introduction of the name of Alcibiades may serve as a proof. "Alcibiades," he says (p. 273), "the son of Cleinias, was just beginning public life, and burning with ambition to win for himself a place among the great names of Athenian history." There is not a hint—though Grote devotes eight fascinating pages to the subject—that he is mentioning for the first time one of the most romantic personalities that ever played a leading part upon the world's stage. A decorous graduate of Balliol who had just been made an Under-Secretary might be mentioned in similar terms, and it is a positive pleasure to turn from such academic formalism to the wisest of Greek philosophers, and see how *he* introduces the same man to his readers, "excessively drunk and bawling loudly" (Plato Symp. 212 D.).

It is not that this volume is wanting in accuracy, learning, or some truth of historic judgment. It is simply that, like mediocre poetry, a mediocre book on a great subject, which has been worthily treated by the first of historians, is "not acceptable either to men or gods," even though it is impossible to complete the quotation by adding "or publishers." What rational reader, for example, who can peruse the reflections of Thucydides (3.65) on the death of Pericles would not prefer them to those of Dr. Abbott? It is impossible to quote at length, but it may, perhaps, suffice to print his opening sentences, and to call attention by italics to the rich variety of metaphor which they exhibit. "His death," we read, "was a calamity to Athens. From the first his influence had been personal. He had not *built up a structure*, social and political, which would continue to exist when *the creating spirit* had passed away; he had not *launched Athens on a new line in* (sic) *which* she could move forward without his guiding care; he had not even left a party behind him. He ruled alone, and *when the reins dropped from his hand*, no one else could take them up." Such sentences seem rather to be fitted for a lecturer's note-book than compatible with the dignity of true historical style.

T. E. PAGE.

IBSEN THE ROMANTIC.*

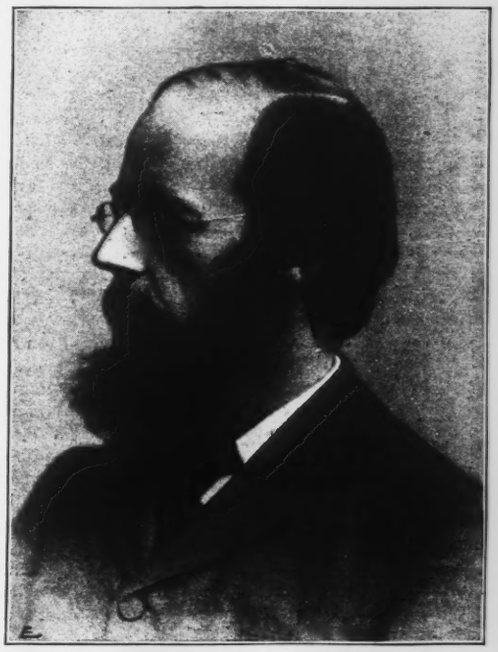
It is true, as Professor Herford says in this really admirable translation, that "Love's Comedy" marks the inception of Ibsen's Social Dramas. But it was at no crude stage of his genius that he produced it. Well may his translator guess that to readers who have resented in the Social Dramas their studied banality of form, it will be highly congenial. Ibsen may have found a fitting expression for the main portion of his genius in his dry, grim, acrid later style; but he has lost much too; and our surprise at meeting him before he despised wit and lyricism, is mingled with regret for his more recent contempt of beauty. His poetry even here has prose for its near neighbour; but it is genuine, nevertheless, and linked with quick fancy, nimble change of tone and mood, even with an occasional lightsome elegance. "Love's Comedy" stands between the remote and icy idealism of "Brand" and the sardonic anarchism of his later work, strongly linked to each, but with special graces of its own. Yet when we speak of special graces that may win him a wider and a kindlier favour, we refer only to the outer manners of the piece. Because he amuses you, because he talks a witty and a pretty speech, you are more at ease with him and friendlier on the way. But do not think he is taking you to a comfortable place. On the contrary, he is rather more uncomfortable than usual. His play is a satire on courtship as it is carried on, with all its vulgar publicity, its circumstance of prying friends and interested relations, on marriage with all the bonds, cares, and compromises that sully love and kill it; and his presentation of a little provincial group of folks, all talking high-flown sentiment on the great question of life, and all meaning either sordid self-interest or mere moonshine, is delightfully vivid and refreshingly amusing. In the midst of this little group, though they are not of it, appear two idealists, who scorn and loathe the usual settlements in life, but who, like all young ardent creatures, hope to escape in their own fate the common degradation. A shrewd and convincing friend, however, assures them they share the common lot, and that the marriage bond must cut even their wings and quench their divine fire. Wings and fire are not superfluities to them; and they part that their love may never die. Says Svanhild:—

"We are of the Spring;
No autumn shall come after, when the bird
Of music in thy breast shall not be heard,
And long not thither where it first took wing.
Nor ever winter shall his snowy shroud
Lay on the clay-cold body of our bliss;
This love of curs, ardent and glad and proud,
Pure of disease's taint and age's cloud,
Shall die the young and glorious thing it is!"

Says Falk:—

"Now I divine!
Thus and no otherwise canst thou be mine!
As the grave opens into life's Dawn-fire,
So Love with Life may not espoused be
Till, loosed from longing, and from wild desire,
It soars into the heaven of memory.
Pluck off the ring, Svanhild!"

It is no attack on matrimony. Marriage may be an honourable estate, may be a social duty; but if Love have part in it, so much the worse for Love. Of course, we may be no Philistines, and yet hold a quite contrary opinion to the thesis



PROFESSOR C. H. HERFORD.
From Photo by Stereoscopic Co.

of the comedy neatly summed up for Ibsen by the editor, "that the first condition of a happy marriage is the absence of love, and the first condition of an enduring love the absence of marriage. Our opinions concern ourselves individually. It is more to the purpose here to come at some right understanding of Ibsen's point of view and all he means. He means what he has always meant. In the inner core of him he has changed hardly at all from the beginning. He hates life—as it is lived. He hates compromise, no matter if called by the high name of duty. He loathes crowds. Truth is ever with the lonely man, he is certain. Wherever two or three are gathered together for some common end he suspects degeneration. In all institutions vulgarity and lying are implied. Truth and Love are great realities; they are far birds that draw your heart. Follow their flight with your soul, and keep their song in your memory. Tempt them to your hearth and tame them—they are no longer truth and love. "Love's Comedy" is the apotheosis of the *mariage de convenance*. Extreme worldling and extreme idealist meet and join hands.

A. M.

MR. EDWARD CLODD AND GRANT ALLEN.*

Some months ago, when writing a very inadequate tribute to the most lovable of men, the late Grant Allen, I ventured to express a hope that his friend Mr. Edward Clodd would write his biography. I am glad now to welcome that biography as

* "Love's Comedy." By Henrik Ibsen. Translated with an Introduction and Notes by C. H. Herford. 3s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

* "Grant Allen: A Monograph." By Edward Clodd. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

an accomplished fact. There were many reasons why Mr. Clodd should have written the life of Grant Allen, quite apart from a friendship of nearly twenty years' duration. During that period no two men have stood together on a more consistent path than these. Many years before I had the privilege of their friendship, I had profited by what they had written, and their names were certainly always together on my mental horizon. In those days Allen was already known by his "Life of Darwin," his "Anglo-Saxon Britain" and his "Nature Studies," while Mr. Clodd had given us "The Childhood of the World" and "The Childhood of Religion"—two books built up on the sympathetic study of subjects very much akin to those to which Allen was most devoted. Mr. Clodd was more interested in the results of scientific investigation, in the generalisations arising from these. Mr. Allen was keenest on the investigations themselves. How genuine was the affection of Grant Allen for Mr. Clodd may be gathered from the dedication of his little volume of poems called "The Lower Slopes":—

> "To one who loves such wreaths as poets twine,
> Large-hearted Clodd——"

And I well remember Allen once bursting forth enthusiastically upon Mr. Clodd's "genius for friendship." The friendship has been thoroughly justified by this little book. In the history of biographical literature these things have not generally been ordered well. One recalls many biographies which have given rise to the supposition that not friendship but hatred had dictated them. This was suggested even of so great a book as Lockhart's Life of Scott; it was suggested with still greater emphasis of Froude's Life of Carlyle. Both suggestions were absurd, but such have certainly had some justification in the case of many minor men. Not the wildest of critics will be able to suggest it of the little book before me, which is a real monument of friendship—singularly discreet and peculiarly calculated to vindicate Allen from many unfriendly criticisms. When one thinks of the extraordinary dimensions to which the biographies of quite unimportant persons have reached, or their reminiscences—which are worse—one has a kindliness towards Mr. Clodd, if only on account of the size of his book. Look at the shelves devoted to biography in any public library, and notice the portentous tomes allotted to men who are now fast sinking into oblivion. Contrast such books with Mr. Clodd's concise little volume.

If I might offer a criticism here, it would be concerning Mr. Clodd's method of approaching his subject. The conventional plan of telling the story of a man's life, commencing with his birth in the first pages and concluding with his death at the close, has less to be said for it in Allen's case than in most. Grant Allen's very versatility made another treatment possible, and I should have preferred to have seen the book in three sections, devoted respectively to the *Personal Life*, the *Scientific Life*, and the *Literary Life* of Allen. How far, however, such a scheme was practicable it is not easy to decide. I am more certain of the desirability of printing references and authorities at the foot of the page rather than incorporating them (in brackets) in the text.

It is just possible that Mr. Grant Allen will live in the future only through the title of his book, "The Woman who Did." None the less, so fascinating an individuality will have exercised an influence greater than that of many of even better known men, and Mr. Clodd's biography will serve for long years to come to remind us of this. He has skilfully woven into it letters—one might almost call them testimonials—from men in various walks of life. When, for example, Mr. York Powell, the Regius Professor of History at Oxford, tells us that Allen's "Anglo-Saxon Britain" marked a distinct advance, we know that Allen was not a wasted force in historical study; when Mr. Herbert Spencer tells us that in certain elements of scientific research Allen has carried out his general principles in new directions, "with great originality and insight," we know that here also, Allen had influence. When Dr. Sydney Vines, Sherardian Professor of Botany in the University of Oxford, tells us that Allen was "a first-rate field botanist, and much more than this," and goes on to specify certain additions made by Allen to botanical knowledge, we know that once again he did not lack effectiveness. When Professor Huxley asserted that in his "Vignettes from Nature" Allen conjoined "precision with popularity," we see another side to his scientific attainments, a side which was sometimes doubted by less competent critics while he lived. When, finally, Mr. Andrew Lang declared him to be as a writer of fiction "a most successful artist," we are face to face with yet another branch of his life-work, and we have here a remarkable series of "testimonials" to his faculties as philosopher, naturalist, botanist, and story-writer.

Mr. Clodd suggests that he was not, however, a good letter-writer. As a matter of fact, Grant Allen was one of the first of the new generation of authors who by the use of the typewriter bid fair to kill letter-writing altogether as an art. It was not that Allen, who in later years had to use the typewriter because he suffered from writer's cramp, could not write interesting letters, but that most people flatly refuse to preserve any letters that come to them in so hatefully mechanical a form. There are letters in Mr. Clodd's book which somewhat belie his suggestion that Mr. Allen was not a good letter-writer, notably one to Professor Croome Robertson. Take, for example, the following passage in reference to his aspiration to be a first-class novelist, when he followed many excellent short stories by the publication of a long novel, "Philistia."

THE LATE MR. GRANT ALLEN.
From Photo by Elliott & Fry.

> My work isn't good enough to satisfy real judges. "Philistia" is to me a great proof of this. I put my whole soul into it. Payn and others encouraged me to think I might write a novel. I fell to with the eager confidence that I was producing a really good work. That confidence and enthusiasm I can never again replace. When it was finished, I felt I had done my utmost. But Payn didn't care for it, and, what was more, even people sympathetic with myself and with the ideas it expressed weren't taken by it. I have put into it my very best, and it's quite clear that the best isn't good enough. I didn't write hastily. I satisfied utterly my own critical faculty, and I can't do any better. Indeed, I can never again do so well. Now, this hasn't at all cast me down or disappointed me. I haven't so much ambition for myself as you are kind enough to have for me. I never cared for the chance of literary reputation except as a means of making a livelihood for Nellie and the boy.

It is quite true that although there are many good things in Allen's longer stories, particularly in "For Mamie's Sake," he did not become a first-class novelist. But neither, for that matter, have many of the men who have for years enjoyed a greater popularity, and who have made novel-writing their whole business. Your first class novelist is only turned out about once or twice in a quarter of a century; the rest is the skilful use of mechanical tricks, and some writers work these mechanical tricks better than others, and perhaps succeed all the more because they take themselves seriously. Allen candidly admitted that it was all a matter of tricks, and did not take himself sufficiently seriously as a novel-writer, hence a comparative failure, although—as I have already stated in this journal—before he died he was receiving prices for his work equal to all but the two or three most popular novelists. Nevertheless, it may be granted that for the reason I have stated his stories lacked charm and his characters were unsympathetic. There is a hard metallic ring that precludes devotion. This was the more curious when one recalls that Allen was himself an entirely sympathetic person. But he did not take himself seriously as a novelist, and unless you do this and heartily love your characters, although you may get purchasers for your books, you will hardly get enthusiastic readers and keen admirers of a type that some novel-writers, not one bit more capable than Allen, have secured.

It is, however, as a naturalist, as a lover of nature, that I prefer to recall Grant Allen. Some of us who met him at his own house and rambled with him through the heather round Hindhead will think less of his books than of his vigorous conversation, his vivacity and enthusiasm when face to face with birds and flowers. And if he were unsympathetic in the presence of his own literary creations, he was quite the reverse when facing the literature of his time. He was proud of the keen scent that he possessed for good poetry in an age when the very high level of verse emanating from a number of writers is insufficiently recognised. It was an article in the *Fortnightly Review* by Allen that did most for the early poetic fame of Mr.

William Watson. It will be well remembered by many of Mr. Clodd's guests at Aldeburgh how admirably Allen recited the poems of Mr. John Davidson, and how skilfully he emphasised their merits. The younger poet of to-day gets little enough of encouragement. There is not much genuine taste for poetry. Wordsworth's complaint that not one man in a hundred who loves reading, loves poetry, is as true now as in his day. But Allen did love poetry, and particularly poetry with a certain element of weirdness. Doubtless he exaggerated in his generous and unstinted praise, but this was a charming fault.

His friends assuredly are little concerned to appraise Allen, to discuss his position in literature or in science. It sufficeth for them to remember that he was a kindly and exhilarating comrade for whom they will always mourn. No better memorial could have been raised to him than this brief sketch by one of the staunchest and truest of Grant Allen's associates.

CLEMENT K. SHORTER.

SIR THOMAS URQUHART.*

Mr. Willcock has written a delightful book on an amusing character. Sir Thomas Urquhart stands at the head of a class of characters of which Scotland has produced more than one example—men of undoubted ability, amounting in the case of Urquhart to genius, combined with eccentricity verging on insanity. Egotism is the characteristic of genius and of insanity. The seventeenth century itself produced many sublime egotists, men of unquestionable genius, whose intense belief in themselves nevertheless often rendered them ridiculous. In none, however, was egotism so intense and so ludicrous as in Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromartie. Yet Sir Thomas, too, had no small dash of genius, or he could never have given us his wonderful version of Rabelais.

Mr. Willcock traces the career of Sir Thomas, so far as it can be gathered from his own writings, with sympathy and much quiet humour. Perhaps it is to be regretted that he has diverged, even so much as he has, into contemporary history. Sir Thomas was an actor, but not a very important one, in that early episode in the Rebellion known as the Trot of Turriff, and in the rising in the North which followed the execution of Charles and preceded the landing of Montrose, and he was present at the battle of Worcester. Mr. Willcock describes these incidents well and in a very judicial spirit, but we could spare these for even more of Sir Thomas Urquhart's own descriptions of his woes and his ambitions. It is in selecting, setting, and commenting on these that Mr. Willcock's art and humour are seen to advantage.

Urquhart was educated at the University of Aberdeen, of which city he remarks that "for honesty, good fashions, and learning it surpasseth as far all other cities and towns in Scotland as London doth for greatness, wealth, and magnificence the smallest hamlet or village in England." That is still the opinion of all Aberdonians. But, though an enthusiastic Scot, Sir Thomas was also cosmopolitan. He travelled in France, Spain, and Italy, and "spoke the languages to such perfection that he might easily have passed himself off as a native of any one of those countries." In spite of all temptation, however, he remained a Scotchman, and "he plainly told them (*i.e.*, his tempters), without making bones thereof, that truly he thought he had as much honour by his own country, which did contrevalue the riches and fertility of those nations, by the valour, learning, and honesty wherein it did parallel if not surpass them." In fact, he thrice entered "the lists against men of three several nations to vindicate his native country from the calumnies wherewith they had aspersed it." Apart from his political adventures, which closed at the battle of Worcester, Urquhart's life was spent between a long and weary struggle with the "Egyptian bondage" of debt and the meditation of various devices for the revolution of learning and glorification of his country. Urquhart was a Bacon in his way, and his diversions were "optical secrets, mysteries of natural philosophie, reasons for the varietie of colours, the finding out of the longitude, the squaring of a circle, and wayes to accomplish all trigonometrical calculations by sines, without tangents, with the same compendiousness of computation." Arms, Arts, and Sciences all came alike to Sir Thomas. His first work was poetic—"Epigrams: Divine and Moral." The writing of epigrams in the style of Martial was a favourite diversion of seventeenth-century poets which Jonson made fashionable. Poetry gave way to Trigonometry. "The Trissotetres," Sir Thomas's second work, is a mathematical treatise which even mathematicians do not understand. "This mathematical tractate," says Sir Thomas of himself, "doth no less bespeak him a good poet and orator than by his elaboured poems he hath shown himself already a good philosopher and mathematician." "This self-criticism," says Mr. Willcock, "is all that could be desired. A work on mathematics that proves an author's possession of poetical and rhetorical gifts, and a volume of poetry which leads one to think that the singer is an accomplished mathematician, are gifts with which the world is but seldom favoured."

Of Urquhart's struggles with his creditors—especially the notorious Leslie of Findrassie—and with obstinate and denunciatory ministers demanding augmentations of stipend, Mr. Willcock gives a full account. His other original works are the ΠΑΝΤΟΧΡΟΝΟΧΑΝΟΝ, *or a Peculiar Promptuary of Time*, in which Sir Thomas traces with great fulness of detail the history of the Urquharts from Adam downwards; and ΕΚΣΚΥΒΑΛΑΥΡΟΝ, *or The Jewel and Logopandecteision*, in which, among many other things, he sketches the plan of a new and universal language and gives the classical account of the Admirable Crichton. Of both these works Mr. Willcock gives an admirable *resumé*. The name of Urquhart, according to the former, dates back to 2139 B.C., when Esormon, Prince of Achaia, was surnamed by his subjects *οὐροχάρτος*; that is to say, fortunate and well-beloved. Of the Admirable Crichton the general opinion—which Mr. Whibley, who has not read Mr. Willcock's biography, emphasises in his introduction to the "Tudor Translations" edition of Rabelais—is that Urquhart is the inventor. So indeed he is so far as that worthy lives in the imagination of men, but it would appear that he had a real counterpart.

Urquhart's last and greatest work is his translation of the first three books of Rabelais. To this full justice has been done by successive editors. His genius and his eccentricity alike fitted him for the task. That Urquhart had genius is seen in nothing so clearly as in his amazing command of language. The richness of his vocabulary, full indeed of pedantic and barbarous coinages, yet expressive and vigorous, is Shakespearian. Only one so endowed could translate Rabelais. "Where Rabelais invents a word Sir Thomas invents one, two, or three, and if the former has a list of twenty or thirty epithets the latter has no hesitation in supplying his readers with forty or sixty." With Rabelais' wildest extravagances Sir Thomas could seriously sympathise. "By the strangest of whims," says Mr. Whibley, "Urquhart not only translated Rabelais, but framed his life after the model of Pantagruel." His wars with his creditors, his elaborate pedigree, his narrative of Crichton, his death from the effects of a fit of laughter, all are thoroughly Rabelaisian.

MR. JOHN WILLCOCK.
From Photo by John Moffat, Edinburgh.

Mr. Willcock is to be congratulated on the fine skill and humour with which he has selected from Urquhart's own accounts what is most characteristic and delightful, and on the spirit in which he has amplified and expanded these. His own writing bubbles over with humour. He has enjoyed writing this biography, and we enjoy reading it. Our only complaint is, as I have said, that we could dispense with some of the historical amplifications for even more of Sir Thomas's own words. A writer in the *Edinburgh*, in reviewing some recent biographies of Leslie and Prince Rupert, remarks truly that the reproduction of the very words of the old authorities gives race and colour to a history of the seventeenth century. Would it be possible to give us a volume of selections of all that is best in Urquhart's original works? Such a volume to add to his "Rabelais" would, if not quite increase the gaiety of nations, certainly add to the public stock of harmless pleasure.

H. J. C. GRIERSON.

* "Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromartie." By John Willcock, M.A., B.D. 1s. 6d. (Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier, Edinburgh.)

THE RACES OF MAN.*

Dr. Deniker occupies a deservedly high position among the French anthropologists, and his earlier writings are well known by workers in all countries. We welcome a textbook from his hand which is worthy of the reputation of the author. The book is well arranged and fairly well translated. Here and there one notes a few obscurities, and the French transliterations of foreign words are usually retained. The excellence and number of the illustrations are features which characterise the work, while the fulness of the references and the table which accompany the text render it extremely valuable to those who are engaged in anthropological researches.

The first three chapters are devoted to a very brief resumé of the principal noteworthy features in the physical structure and comparative physiology of the human races. The three succeeding chapters consist of excellent summaries of the linguistic and sociological characters of the various sub-divisions of mankind. Dr. Deniker, as chief librarian of the Museum of Natural History in Paris, has had exceptional opportunities of becoming acquainted with the literature of the subject, and his references are numerous and accurate.

The largest part of the volume consists of a well condensed, systematic, detailed description of the races of mankind. In this part of the work the order is primarily based on geographical considerations, while the actual populations are reviewed under the racial designations laid down in the author's elaborate, but by no means unsatisfactory classification. We note that like most French anthropologists he restricts the term Celtic to the dark, round-headed race of Auvergne and the Cevennes. He excludes the Irish, Highland Scotch, and Welsh, whom he regards as belonging to the Northern (Scandinavian) or North-western (Littoral Atlanto-Mediterranean) races.

While the excellence of the work from the descriptive point of view is so high, there is throughout very little of deduction from the facts. We would venture to suggest that a general view of the significance of the various ethnic phenomena as bearing on the origin of man and on the evolution of the several racial types, would be very welcome from an observer of Dr. Deniker's experience. We also think that the accounts of cerebral localisation (pp. 102, 103), and of the zoological position of the Pithecanthropus erectus (p. 360) (the well-known fossil found in Java), are a little too curiously dealt with to be fully intelligible to the general reader. In a list (on p. 227) of surgical operations practised by primitive races, the practice of ovariotomy among certain aborigines of Australia is mentioned, which is, to say the least of it, surprising (though the traveller Michlucho-Maclay has made definite statements on this subject); and we miss an account of the Griquas of South Africa.

These, however, are very slight defects in a work which may be safely recommended as trustworthy, and which fills a long-felt want as a student's handbook on the subject.

W. L. H. DUCKWORTH.

THE WELSH PEOPLE.†

Nothing of such importance as this volume, to the student of Wales and the Welsh, has been published for a very long time. Just as Stephens's "Literature of the Kymry" marked the beginning of better methods of literary criticism, so is this volume, as a restatement, to a considerable degree, of Welsh origins, and history, and life, likely to prove of lasting value. Anyone that wants to know Wales will turn to it of necessity; and he may feel assured that he gets the opinion of experts, and that opinion substantiated by the best available facts.

It is the direct outcome of the Welsh Land Commission of 1893-6; and while the Welsh farmer is still where he was, as far as any legislative result is concerned, the Welsh student is undoubtedly richer for having this literary result. Good use was made by Prof. Rhys of opportunities afforded him for gathering ethnological and philological evidences; while Mr. Brynmor-Jones, M.P., was careful to watch every fact that might explain the legal and constitutional history of Wales, its educational progress, and its religion. Such we surmise to be the division of authorship; but it is only fair to add that there is nothing in the book itself to explain to which of the two writers any given chapter belongs.

The earlier chapters deal with Welsh ethnology, and are chiefly interesting on account of the attempt made to show that there was a native population of non-Aryan origin in these islands previous to the coming of the Aryan Celt. In connection with this subject Prof. J. Morris Jones, M.A., supplies a chapter, scientific in form but romantic in suggestion, showing how the Neo-Celtic languages, while they are "Aryan in vocabulary" are "non-Aryan in idiom"—that they are, in fact, related in syntax to Egyptian, and that we may therefore conclude the pre-Celtic population of these Islands to have been akin to the "North African white race."

The historical chapters reach down to 1282, when Prince Llewelyn was slain and Wales lost its "independency, but not its nationality." It is neither too partially Welsh nor too partially English; it is a sensible, a genuine contribution towards a just view of the unequal struggle. It is much more than a mere recital of events and names, though it is necessarily limited in scope by exigencies of space; and the interpretation of events and of men is materially aided by a chapter on "The Ancient Laws and Customs of Wales," and another on "The Legal and Constitutional History of Wales from 1282." A History of Wales, at once critical and interesting, giving to mere names actual value, is yet a desideratum; but until we have such a volume, these chapters are indispensable.

PROFESSOR JOHN RHYS.
From Photo by Elliott & Fry.

The chapter on "The Religious Movement" is brief— too brief; and at some points, in consequence perhaps of that, it lacks proportion. Sometimes we miss what seem to us essential names—such as that of John Penry on p. 462, and Stephen Hughes on p. 480. Other readers may discover other shortcomings; for, after all, the personal equation has not a little to do with our jealousy for particular names. Be that as it may, we doubt if within the compass of some 24 pages any fairer, more succinct, more congenial estimate of the Welsh religious movement can be found to-day than that here given. A slight bias may be here and there traceable, but credit is given for good work on all sides, and the facts and deductions stand close together. The chapter on "The Educational Movement" is similar in form, and breathes the same spirit; similar omissions may be discovered; but who will deny that the story is both interesting and interestingly told?

D. BRYNMOR JONES, Q.C., M.P.
From Photo by Elliott & Fry.

It is the manifest aim of both writers to bring their discussions, even the most technical, to bear on present-day life in Wales. There is an earnestness, never too obtrusive and yet constantly re-appearing, which saves the volume from being a mere collection of cleverly-written chapters. The book carries the seeds of reform — literary, social, and moral. We may instance the warning words on the deterioration of Welsh prose, pp. 510-11. "The task of writing good and close Welsh is of the same nature as that of writing Latin prose"—they tell us; and the sooner the educationist and the preacher take in all that is conveyed by such a remark, the better for the future of literature and religion in the Principality.

The closing chapter deals with "Rural Wales at the Present Day," and shows the same texture of well-sifted facts and suggestions of reform. It proves that the Housing Problem is as urgent in rural Wales as in our large towns, and that, as in all economic questions, serious moral issues are involved.

The book is clearly, brightly written. Unexpected gleams of humour light up nooks and corners of pages that look most matter-of-fact. But while the book yields good reading, it will be mostly valued as a fine contribution to the understanding of

* "The Races of Man. An Outline of Anthropology and Ethnography." By J. Deniker. With 176 illustrations and two maps. 6s. (Walter Scott.)

† "The Welsh People." By John Rhys and David Brynmor Jones. 16s. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

Wales and the Welsh. The writers are themselves Welsh in heart, but they have written the story with much of the candour of an outsider. Indeed, they are less Welsh, if one may so phrase it, than Herr Zimmer—German though he be—in his able monograph on the Celtic Awakening (*Der Pan-Keltismus*: Berlin, 1898). But they and he are agreed that Wales has developed on lines of its own, and that its nationality, so long preserved, is worth being kept intact. It will do its best work, for the British Empire, and for the world at large, by being true to itself. Its children lose nothing, but gain much, by cherishing

> "Some lingering cadence of Llewelyn's land,
> Or hosted music of her mountain spears,
> Or pastoral echo of her mountain folds,
> Or lurking fragrance of her mountain rose,
> Or stern reminder of the buried sword
> In Glyndwr's grave."

H. ELVET LEWIS.

THE NEW MR. WELLS.*

Mr. Wells has written much and has written brilliantly, but it seems to us that in the light of his new novel, much if not all of his previous achievement must be regarded as the experiment of an author in search of himself. It is significant that writer and publisher have combined to give "Love and Mr. Lewisham" the semblance of a first book, that no list of former successes graces its title page. It is the work of a new Mr. Wells.

There is one essential difference between this novel by the new Mr. Wells and all that has preceded it. So absolute is the change that comparison is impossible. From the realms of fantastic imaginings the author of "The War of the Worlds" has descended to a phase of existence of the earth earthy. "Love and Mr. Lewisham" is *lived*. To all who know anything of the new young man it comes as a revelation of a type, a speaking and convincing likeness. The subject is difficult and, at first acquaintance, unattractive. There is nothing immense, nothing of romantic greatness in Mr. Lewisham. He is in many ways more commonplace than the dweller in Mean Streets. If we understand him aright, he is one of the half baked products of a new education. Throughout his career he stands on the fringe of achievement. He has ambitions and a "*schema*" of life which includes pamphlets in the Liberal interest and ultimate social, political, intellectual greatness. But after a truly heroic struggle, fought, as after all are most of the battles of life, in unheroic fashion, he places his all on the altar of love—losing his life to save it. It may be that his capabilities were minute compared with his intention, but the sacrifice is still supreme. It may be that for years he refused to take his stand at the cross-ways, dallying in the dream paths of vague and tentative ambition, dreading to face the ultimate decision. But this is just life as you and I know it. The great thing is that when at last he was brought with his back to the wall he fought and won. How he learned the power and splendour of the greatest thing in the world, how he learned that love is the fulfilling of the law, human and divine, how he learned to account all high hopes as nothing compared with the dinner of herbs where love is, you will read in this book. And you will feel that it happened thus in real life, and be glad and more sure of the rightness of the world that it did.

The last chapter of "Love and Mr. Lewisham" is worth reading many times. It is a new and beautiful parable of the eternal verity.

> "His eyes came back to the Schema. His hands shifted to the opposite corner and he hesitated. The vision of that arranged career, that ordered sequence of work and successes, distinctions and yet further distinctions, rose brightly from the symbol. Then he compressed his lips and tore the yellow sheet in half, tearing very deliberately. He doubled the halves and tore again, doubled again very carefully and neatly until the Schema was torn into numberless little pieces. With it he seemed to be tearing his past self. 'Play,' he whispered, after a long silence. 'It is the end of adolescence,' he said; 'the end of empty dreams. . . .' He became very still, his hands resting on the table, his eyes staring out of the blue oblong of the window. The dwindling light gathered itself together and became a star. He found he was still holding the torn fragments. He stretched out his hand and dropped them into that new waste paper basket Ethel had bought for him. Two pieces fell outside the basket. He stooped, picked them up, and put them carefully with their fellows."

"Love and Mr. Lewisham" was worth writing. It is a book of high hopes. The new Mr. Wells is, we believe, the real Mr. Wells, who has found himself. J. E. H. W.

* "Love and Mr. Lewisham." By H. G. Wells. 6s. (Harper.)

EARLY RUSSIAN HISTORY.*

History in general is to life what the skeleton, preserved and labelled, is to the living body. These dry ossified facts, these disjointed records of invasions, battles, famines, sieges, usurpations, promulgations, coronations, executions are more or less cleverly put together by historians, and the reader is straightway invited to gaze into the historical show-cases, labelled *European History*, *Asiatic History*, *Ancient History*, etc., and try and construct the life of each Nation from the character of the heaped-up bones. The skeleton is there! but the flesh (the atmosphere, circumstances, necessities, and outlook of the dead people), can only be brought before us by the artist's hand, and the great historian-artist is very rare. Accordingly it is that we, the public, wander disconsolately down the long historical galleries, provided for us by the specialists, and come out little wiser than we went in. Is it a life of a People? this musty chronicle of "battle, murder, and sudden death," or is it not rather a catalogue of the surgical operations Fate inflicts on every People, with stress laid on the "instruments" in the hands of Providence, the Kings, Priests, and Nobles who are at hand at every succeeding crisis in the Nation's life?

The historians are not to blame, of course. Searching for records of past life, they find too often that the ancient documents recount only what was *extra*-ordinary to their writers, and nothing of what was ordinary. What people ate and drank, how they looked and talked, traded, and worked at, what they looked down on and despised, how they made love and fought, all this the ancient chronicler practically omits; he simply narrates the changes and shocks in the national life, the outside and inside disturbances in the State, arising from striking events. Accordingly from the average "History" we can no more reconstruct the life of a People, without the artist's help, than we can imagine what an animal was like from seeing its bones. And so to-day we recognise that if the story of a People is ever to be adequately grasped, the historian must call in the services of the archæologist, the ethnologist, the philologist, the economist, the specialists to whom man's activity in the past can yield a fresh rich human story to supplement the meagre inhuman story of the old chroniclers.

Mr. Hector Munro has made a courageous and intelligent effort in the volume before us to give the English people some notion of the tangled web of early Russian history. His method—perhaps the best one available to the intelligent foreigner who, in dealing with the history of a strange country, cannot claim either the learning or range of outlook necessary for the survey of the specialists' vast domain—is to follow the chief Russian historians, ancient and modern, and to work sufficient local colour into his narrative to give the English reader some picturesque interest in the general story. Considering the obscurity of the Byzantine period, the chaos that followed the coming of the Mongols, and the kaleidoscopic changes that Russia underwent in her perpetual conflict with the Tartar, Polish, Swedish, and Baltic peoples, Mr. Munro has succeeded very well in spinning the main threads of his subject so as to make the English reader realise Russia's evolution from a vast conglomerate of distracted, foe-ridden, sundered territories into a coherent Empire. Mr. Munro carries his narrative from the coming of the Norseman Rurik in 862 to the reign of the Romanov, Mikhail, in 1618, and it is something of a feat to have so straightened out, proportioned, and abbreviated the intermingling mazes of Muscovite fortunes through these dark ages, that the reader feels he is actually on an historical road, and is not merely wandering in the historical wilderness. In his three hundred and twenty closely printed pages Mr. Munro has really provided an historical outline of no little value.

However, an Historical Outline only whets the intelligent reader's appetite for something further. An Outline sketches the progress of a People, and their journey in certain directions, but as to what the People *were*, the Outline cannot pretend to tell us. For evidence on this point we must, as we have said, go to the scientists, to the critics, to the great writers, to the ethnologists, economists, philologists, etc. In reading Mr. Munro's stimulating and conscientious sketch we find ourselves therefore perpetually wishing for a new race of Historians to arise, men who would tackle the vast subject of European History from a fresh standpoint altogether, from the standpoint, that is, of a survey of Comparative Civilisations. Take

* "The Rise of the Russian Empire." By Hector H. Munro. 10s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)

Russia's struggle with Poland, Sweden, and the Baltic peoples, for example. Poland and Sweden, as more advanced and more highly organised communities, would seem to have exhausted themselves in their struggle, one against the other, to carve out from the neighbouring peoples material which they could draw on to sustain their own national life, and by which they could recruit their own physical energies. The bulk of Russia, her obstinacy, and power of endurance was to triumph ultimately over Polish energy and spirit. But in recording the interminable wars and invasions which Russia was destined to suffer before she became an Empire, we find always that the ordinary historian only gives us the *result* of the struggle, and rarely makes clear the *cause*. And thus it is that the average historian keeps us on the surface of the people's life, and, in a sense, estranges us from the very people he is chronicling. To understand a people we must know the why and wherefore of their race movements. To-day, for example, nine out of ten chroniclers of Russia's progress in Central Asia treat of her progress as of a crime. But one glance at the map shows us that Russia must be the coming Power in the Far East. Geographically she is so placed that she must expand eastwards, westwards there are no vacant "lots" for the Slav. In absorbing Central Asia she is merely turning another leaf in the great book of the Story of Comparative Civilisations. And so, to wind up the thread of our argument, we contend that if the rise and fall of the Nations were to be studied first of all from the standpoint of their Comparative Cultures, we should find in our hands the key of their life stories. We should be more in contact with the endless human figures that moved and breathed in the past, and we should find ourselves less often in the empty corridors of History, gazing in perplexity at the neatly arrayed and carefully catalogued piles of —— bones.

EDWARD GARNETT.

NOVEL NOTES.

THE GIFTS OF ENEMIES. By G. E. Mitton. 6s. (A. and C. Black.)

Miss Mitton's novel is not only very good, but it is one which should find universal favour. In it are chapters which

MISS G. E. MITTON.
From Photo by Bassano.

will stir the blood of cricketers, chapters which will rouse the interest and sometimes win the approval of journalists and editors; chapters, also, which deal with London life, with a gambling club, with company promoting, and with an attack of influenza. But above and beyond these themes for the specialists the book will appeal to the general reader by reason of its broad humanity. Here he sees the gradual development of an admirable story, the ever-absorbing theme of uncommon men and women working out their destiny among men and women of commonplace mind and manners, naturally, convincingly, and never tediously. Here he is shown the evolution of a soul, and the awakening of a man's heart and a woman's. "The Gifts of Enemies" is a book of steadily-maintained merit; it displays characterisation which is at times exceptionally good; the men and women are for the most part individuals, not types. One exception to this individualisation is Marjory Daunton, who as a type is drawn with a skill which is not frequently met with. Now and again comes the fear that Miss Mitton will allow Marjory to become the girl we know so well in fiction—good and beautiful and rather dull, and nothing more; but in her comparatively quiet way Marjory is one of the best figures in the story, and the slight touches which make her so, reveal in the author an intelligent insight and a valuable appreciation of consistency. This consistency is, however, apparent throughout the story, and Miss Mitton may be thanked for having written a book which is thoughtful, clever, often brilliant, and always interesting.

THE QUEST OF MR. EAST. By John Soane. 6s. (Constable.)

Here is, indeed, a theological novel. It deals with nearly all the theologies. Catholicism, Judaism, Mohametanism, and other forms are minutely examined into, and represented by types who do what they can to play the part of actors in a drama. True, they don't do very much in this regard. But they talk copiously, and their talk has been compiled by a man who thinks a great deal on a great variety of moral and spiritual subjects. What story there is turns round the search for a certain Mr. East, a kind of Waring, who was expected by the searchers to turn up with all the wisdom of the world gathered for them. When his lair is discovered he declines, however, to make any public appearance. But in the course of the search, two of the seekers come to a semi-romantic, semi-intellectual understanding, which takes the place of the ordinary love-story of fiction. This is distinctly a book for the serious-minded reader with a taste for eclecticism.

AFRICAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENT. By A. J. Dawson. 6s. (Heinemann.)

We surely do Mr. Dawson's tales no harm, but, at this hour of the day, rather recommend them by informing possible readers that the entertainment is not provided by Boers or Kaffirs or Zulus. South African fiction has been just a little too abundant and not quite good enough these last months; and for our recreation we turn north of the Equator with some relief. The old and ever-fascinating names of Morocco and Tangiers stir us; the rich and highly coloured Moorish barbarisms draw our eyes more surely. And Mr. Dawson is worthy of his experiences and of the themes he has prepared himself to treat. He writes with not too much of the conventional present-day cynicism; he has a real sense of romance, and sees the pathos, the tragedy, and the humour, too, that result from the contact of East and West. He writes well, but with just a little too much circumstance that hinders now and then a clear impression. He has given us a very full book —that is the good and the bad of it. A reader may wish less detail in it, but must be grateful for its plentiful interest and entertainment.

THE AVENGING OF RUTHANNA. By Mrs. Coulson Kernahan. 6s. (Long.)

This novel is divided into Book I. and Book II. In Book I. Ruthanna is met, loved, and left; in Book II. she is avenged. No one, after reading the first half of the volume, will fail, of course, to read the second; nevertheless, the first half forms by itself a complete and pretty story, tender, humorous, shrewd, and realistic; and, having reached thus far, some readers will feel that they can forego the avenging of Ruthanna, the little heroine; not because Ruthanna has failed to win their sympathy, but that Cecil Calverley has won it also, has suffered, and seems to deserve the happiness he is permitted to enjoy at that point. Mrs. Kernahan, however, could not have been content to leave her story half-told; and pleasant as the more conventional ending might have been, she was bound, of necessity, to carry on her theme to its rightful and inexorable finish. Undoubtedly, with Cecil Calverley the author has spared no labour; he wins for himself interest, anger, admiration, irritation, con-

tempt, pity, impatience, sympathy—each in turn, as he gradually shows himself in these pages. He behaves ill, well, with weakness, with strength, and through all earns the reader's hope that things may end well for him. The two chief women are clear, well-presented characters: Ruthanna, ignorant, trusting, loving, faithful; Victoria, clever, inscrutable, loving, unfaithful; and the subordinate men and women of their surroundings are—especially in Ruthanna's case—well conceived and handled. In Book II. one feels that the Stirling episode might have been omitted; it is irrelevant, and what is irrelevant goes to weaken a story which must move forward straightly and relentlessly. But, after all, the actual charm of the book lies in its impulsiveness—in the impulse which sways each individual; Mrs. Kernahan allows them to act naturally, and at the same time often unexpectedly, producing thereby spontaneous freshness, and many a pleasant surprise.

DANIEL HERRICK. A Romance of a News-Writer. By S. H. Burchell. 6s. (Gay and Bird.)

A journalist of to-day has not much in common with a news-writer of the days of Charles II. But if we are to believe Daniel Herrick, a sense of the journalistic mission was early realised. Daniel calls himself "a searcher after truth for the good of others," and Fleet Street to-day could not better that in the way of solemn talk. For the rest, he was a humble fellow—though of high mysterious birth—and well content when a tailor's pretty daughter fell to his lot in marriage. But he had many dealings with the great, with Charles, with his wife, with courtiers and conspirators of high degree, and even with the fanatic Prynne. Not a few of them put their trust in delicate matters in the honest news-writer, and that his head was not turned, and Margery left forsaken, was greatly to his credit. This is a well-written and lively story of adventure, showing exceptional abilities on the part of the writer, and a high standard of work.

UNLEAVENED BREAD. By Robert Grant. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

This is, undeniably, a clever book. Its value is not based on incident or plot, but on shrewd, relentless characterisation. Mr. Grant tells here a good, a full, and an absorbing story, which is chiefly concerned with the development of an American woman. We are introduced to Selma White as she is being driven back from a wedding by the man who is to become her first husband. "Babcock and Selma White were among the last of the wedding guests to take their departure," are the simple words with which the book begins. Selma is twenty-three at the time, holding fine opinions of America and its national characteristics, and imbued, in a quiet, narrow, determined way, with the belief that her mission in life is to develop her soul along individual lines. The author does not for a moment distract attention by attempting to describe the men and women of his story; they reveal themselves, gradually and unmistakably; and Selma may be seen passing on from husband to husband, more self-satisfied and dissatisfied with circumstances, more serious, more consciously inspired, more hopelessly petty in reality, and more callous. "There's hope for me," blurted out Selma's erstwhile friend, Mrs. Flossy Williams, one day, when Selma's rather unintelligent envy had given rise to a real quarrel between the two women. "There's hope for me because I'm conscious of my shortcomings, and am trying to correct them; whereas you are satisfied, and fail to see the difference between yourself and the well-bred women whom you envy and sneer at. You're pretty and smart and superficial and—er—common, and you don't know it. I'm rather dreadful, but I'm learning. I don't believe you will ever learn. There! Now I'm going." The Emancipation, The Struggle, The Success, are the three promising divisions of the book; and on the last page we have Selma at the height of her ambition, strong in the belief of her independent and aspiring American womanhood, "gazing straight before her, with her far-away seraphic look, as though she were penetrating the future even into Paradise"; still utterly hopeless (from the reader's point of view); still entirely self-satisfied; but between the first page and the last we have learned much of things and types American.

JUDGE ROBERT GRANT.

THE INCREASING PURPOSE. By James Lane Allen. 6s. (Macmillan.)

The theme of Mr. Allen's latest story is of perennial interest. An idealist, a scholar by instinct, is born amid ungenial circumstances. His chance of entering another sphere comes, but it goes again, for he thinks in advance of his new surroundings, and he is chased away as a dangerous heretic. He comes home not to be welcomed as a glorious martyr, but to be despised, and put to the old drudging tasks that would kill the soul of a weakling. His sensitive, neglected, unloved condition is described with wonderful sympathy and without exaggeration. The mitigations of his lot are not forgotten—his delight in nature, the solace of toil, his communion with minds greater than his own. Then comes love, an experience of the grace of life, a new chance, and the prospect of a larger career. The book is typical of Mr. Allen's genuine talents and his limitations. It is sympathetic and amiable. It has real charm. David strikes up against what will seem to many readers rather outworn difficulties, but there is nothing to be said against that. The old problems are new realities to him. Here as elsewhere in Mr. Allen's books there is a lack of robustness, which must narrow the circle of his readers. He has compensatory qualities—delicacy, tenderness, a wonderful understanding of nature. Indeed, it is only for the purpose of sending the right readers, not the wrong ones, to this writer so popular now on both sides of the Atlantic, that we make any reservations in our praise of his newest book.

MR. JAMES LANE ALLEN.

A MAN: HIS MARK. By W. C. Morrow. 6s. (Richards.)

The plot of this story is rather wasted in fiction. In dramatic form it might have thrilled a simple, susceptible audience to shudders and tears. Told as a tale, with the necessary circumstance, it is more apt to raise weary smiles. A woman, who has despised and deeply wronged a man she has never seen, is rescued from death in a snowstorm, and nursed for half a winter in a snow-bound hut in the mountains by a mysterious angel of mercy in masculine form. Of course he is the victim of her past cruelty. In their terrible seclusion, with the wolves howling without, she learns to adore him. She writes a journal, to say so. But when they escape, and she is willing to be his slave for the rest of her days, her utmost privilege is to have him die in her arms. It is all very romantic, all very high-toned, as the Americans say, but a trifle soporific.

THE CRIMSON WEED. By Christopher St. John. 6s. (Duckworth.)

Mr. St. John has conceived a kind of latter-day Hamlet, with a mother instead of a father to revenge. He grows up in ignorance of both. His mother, an Italian of noble birth, has taken to the operatic stage after her betrayal and desertion by his father, a successful bourgeois English painter, who becomes President of the Royal Academy. When they both swim into his horizon again, he is tardy in playing the part of avenger, and when he does so he is visited by remorse such as is unrecorded in Hamlet. The end is somewhat a fizzle—but a sensible fizzle. The misfortunes of his life prey on his sensitive mind, and his mother, sturdier than he, for all her wrongs, keeps him from a lunatic asylum by forcing him to the composition of light opera. It is not a very successful book. There is a good deal of partially digested reading in it; and the characters, though quite conceivable and fairly well conceived, are not made very real. But there is nothing commonplace in Mr. St. John's work. His aspirations are interesting, and his halting achievement is better than many successes.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

THE OVERLAND TO CHINA. By Archibald R. Colquhoun. 16s. (Harper.)

Although not actually written in view of the immediate state of affairs in China, Mr. Colquhoun's work is in every way most opportune. It is indeed the book of the moment, a book which must be read, and read at once, by all who would appreciate the significance of current events. It is not merely an interesting and valuable account of a journey from European Russia across the Trans-Siberian Railway, the iron road which is cutting its way through the destinies of empire, but it contains as well a striking and suggestive survey of the political, physical, and financial conditions of present-day China and of European policies in the Far East. The last chapter, giving

MR. ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN.
From Photo by J. Thomson.

as it does the conclusions arrived at by one who has devoted years of travel and study to the Far East, will be read with eager interest at the present juncture. The value and accuracy of Mr. Colquhoun's criticisms have unfortunately been proved beyond question by the terrible calamities of the last few weeks, and if anything were needed to enforce the value of his book it would be found in the way in which his prophecies have been fulfilled almost to the letter. Unlike many books on the subject, Mr. Colquhoun's account is brightly and entertainingly written. It is certainly by far the most complete and readable account of the Chinese and Far Eastern questions before the reading public.

THEODORE BEZA, THE COUNSELLOR OF THE FRENCH REFORMATION, 1519-1605. By Henry Martyn Baird, Professor New York University. (G. P. Putnam's Sons' Heroes of the Reformation.)

Beza is probably the Reformer whose life is approached with least prejudice. His time compelled him to play some part in politics, but he was essentially a scholar, a humanist. Uncompromising in his Calvinism, he yet, like his Master, understood the influence of human resolve and action in human affairs and undauntedly braved the threats of princes. To the present generation he is valuable chiefly as an interpreter of Scripture. His Annotations on the New Testament are perhaps not so much used as they deserve, but those who do use them know their value. Professor Baird has redeemed English literature from the reproach of possessing no biography of this great historical and literary figure. Like the other volumes of this attractive series, the present issue is well written, and profusely illustrated with interesting, relevant, and well-executed portraits.

THE DREAM OF ORSINO: A Tragedy. By H. A. Wagner. (Hodder Brothers.)

Mr. Wagner has undoubtedly the gift of writing lines of clear and graceful smoothness. In "The Dream of Orsino" the story of the tragedy which befalls the kingly house of Sicily goes forward with an admirable lucidity and restraint; there are no wordy diatribes, no unnecessary scenes, to tire the ear or distract attention from the main motive. From the opening lines—

> "The praise of Prince Orsino justly moves
> The lips of all Sicilians"—

the drama is, primarily, what a drama should be: a representation of actions in human life. Here the human story is never lost sight of, nor the human heart hidden by the trappings of the stage; the tragedy is felt throughout, till the curtain falls on the pathetic figure of the old king, bereft of his sons, listening to the funeral music.

> "There's a sweetness
> In funeral music to the aged heart
> Whose treasures are above—to him it seems
> In measured tones to linger on for him
> Standing on poor mortality's weak edge."

The picture of Orsino, the well-loved son of the King of Sicily, the popular prince of the people of Palermo, melancholy, and overshadowed by the dream which foretells his death, is skilfully and sympathetically presented. And, indeed, equally good is the picture of his brother Lucio, the tempted, weakly, evil, vacillating Duke of Palermo.

> "Shifty, weak, and pulled between the tugs
> Of pleasure and the check of conscience
> Into a sort of moral nondescript,
> A timid libertine to-day—and then
> A semi-saint to-morrow."

But Lucio does much to retrieve this weakness before the curtain falls, and the words of the desolate king find an echo in our hearts as we watch the guilty man led away to his doom.

> "For there's a dignity when men consent
> To punishment and bear it manfully,
> And half the hero's spirit shines in them."

INTERPRETATIONS OF POETRY AND RELIGION. By George Santayana. (Adam and Charles Black.)

Mr. Santayana is a critic who deserves a hearing. He has carefully prepared himself for his work by wide reading in philosophy and poetry, and by thorough reflection on the facts of history and experience. No one therefore can read his observations on Shakespeare, Browning, Dante, and the rest without perceiving fresh truth regarding poetry and poets. Mr. Santayana never follows the beaten tracks of criticism nor indulges in trite remarks. All is his own, and much of it is true and excellent. His chapter on the Poetry of Christian Dogma would have been more acceptable did it not leave the impression that the poetical worth of Christian teaching is its main value. Its truth of fact is of less consequence. But the volume as a whole stirs thought, has significance, and tends to lift criticism to a higher plane.

THE CHRISTIAN CONCEPTION OF HOLINESS. By E. H. Askwith, M.A., Chaplain of Trinity College, Cambridge. (Macmillan and Co.)

Mr. Askwith tells us that his purpose in this essay is to set forth the answer contained in the Christian Revelation to the question which Moral Philosophy has asked and must ask: What is the rationale of man's moral nature? In pursuance of this purpose he first of all investigates that nature and criticises the various conceptions which have been entertained of the supreme good. It is in Christ's teaching regarding God and man that the true conception is to be found. But, according to Mr. Askwith, this teaching has been misunderstood. He expressly claims originality for the statement that God is a Being whose every thought is love, of whose thoughts not one is for Himself. "God has not one selfish thought." One seems to have had this idea before, but Mr. Askwith assures us we have not. "We have all along in Christian history been supposing that God had a purpose of love for His creation, but that there was also a further selfish purpose of so-called self-love, whereby the creation was to be made to show forth His glory and His wisdom. But that He has not one selfish thought, this we have not seen before." A claim of originality is apt to be erroneous and is always impolitic. But apart from this, much may be learned from Mr. Askwith's earnest volume.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

In future all criticisms of MSS. will be posted direct to the authors as soon as possible after receipt. Two coupons out from the current number of "The Bookman" (see below), together with a stamped addressed envelope, must be enclosed with each MS.

All communications must be addressed to the

Editor of the Young Authors' Page,
"Bookman" Office,
27, Paternoster Row, London.

Terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application. Every endeavour will be made to return MSS., but should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

JUNE 15TH TO JULY 15TH, 1900.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

DAUBNEY, W. HEAFORD, B.D.—The Use of the Apocrypha in the Christian Church, 3/- ..... Camb. Univ. Press
[*A lucid setting forth of the Ancient and Modern Use of the Apocrypha, with a view to arresting and correcting the tendency to treat the Apocryphal books with over-neglect.*]

KENNEDY, J. HOUGHTON, D.D.—The Second and Third Epistles of St. Paul to the Corinthians, 6/-..... Methuen

PULSFORD, JOHN.—The Supremacy of Man, 2/6 ..... Melrose
[*The author's great desire in this book is to convince that Nature, Scripture, and Man are but different manifestations and almost equal terms of one Eternal Unity, Humanity being the complete realisation of this Unity. The series of papers leads from the Creation to the Final Home and the Fruit Gathering.*]

NEW EDITION.

HAWEIS, H. R., M.A.—The Picture of Jesus (the Master), 6d. Burnet
[*The second of the five books in the People's Edition of the author's work, "Christ and Christianity." This volume deals with scenes in the life of Christ at Bethlehem, Nazareth, Galilee, and Jerusalem.*]

FICTION.

ALLEN, JAMES LANE.—The Increasing Purpose, 6/- ..... Macmillan

Author of "For a God Dishonoured."—Merciless Love, 6/-..... Long

BAMFORD, F. W.—Revengeful Fangs, 6/- ..... Elliot Stock
[*A romantic tale of Anglo-Indian life. A mysterious vendetta forms the basis of the plot, and adventure, suspicion, humour, and aspects of native life help to make a very exciting book.*]

BARR, ROBERT.—The Strong Arm, 6/- ..... Methuen

BASKETT, JAMES NEWTON.—As the Light Led, 6/- ..... Macmillan
[*A pleasant story of American life, with racy and tender pages in it. Its interest flags and revives somewhat capriciously; but the warm domestic sentiments of the close will leave most readers in a comfortable temper.*]

BREMONT, ANNA, Comtesse de.—Daughters of Pleasure, 6/-..Greening
[*The history of Neara, Hera, and Athene, a musician, a singer, and an actress; written in the Comtesse de Brémont's vivid and vigorous manner.*]

BURCHELL, SIDNEY H.—Daniel Herrick ..... Gay & Bird

CONYERS, D.—The Thorn Bit, 6/-..... Hutchinson
[*The tale of a wild young Irish beauty, who shines more in the hunting-field than in the drawing-room. A stupid family arrangement lands her in marriage with a man she barely knows. The consequences threaten to be disastrous, till a happy accident in the hunting-field brings the near presence of death and a reconciliation.*]

CROCKETT, S. R.—Little Anna Mark, 6/- ....Smith, Elder

DAWSON, A. J.—African Nights' Entertainment, 6/-..... Heinemann

GLASGOW, ELLEN.—The Voice of the People, 6/-..... Heinemann

GRAEME, ALASTOR.—Mummy Mystic Plays, 3/6....New Cent. Press
[*Two clever studies—"Cobwebs" and "What's gone of Menie"—one an extravaganza, the other "a study in vulgarity," coupled under a general title, which is rather misleading.*]

GRAHAM, WINIFRED.—The Beautiful Mrs. Leach, 3/6..Ward, Lock

HARRIS, HENRY.—Our Cove ..... Pollard
[*A baker's dozen of stories from a Cornish fisher village, telling something of the struggles, humours, and even the character of the Western folk.*]

HILL, HEADON.—Caged! 6/-..... Ward, Lock

HOBBES, JOHN OLIVER (Mrs. CRAIGIE)—Robert Orange, 6/-..Unwin

HOLMES, ELEANOR.—A Hospital Romance, 6/- ..... Digby

HUME, FERGUS.—The Crimson Cryptogram, 3/6 ..... Long
[*Mr. Fergus Hume is here in his element. His tale begins with a murder and an open verdict, advances through surprises and thrilling scenes, and finishes in peace and a country garden.*]

JONES, JANE.—The Prison House, 6/-..... Blackwood

KEITH, LESLIE.—On Alien Shores, 6/- ..... Hurst & Blackett

KERNAHAN, Mrs. COULSON.—The Avenging of Ruthanna, 6/-..Long

Ladysmith Treasury, The. Edited by J. Eveleigh Nash, 6/-....Sands
[*Sixteen stories, each by a well-known author, bound together, and published in aid of the sufferers from the siege of Ladysmith. F. Anstey's name heads the list, "Zack's" concludes it; and the contributions are worthy of the cause.*]

LE BRETON, JOHN.—Miss'es Joy, 6/-..... Macqueen

MACDONALD, RONALD.—The Sword of the King, 6/-..... Murray

MARSH, BLANCHE.—The Heir of Landsworth Hall, 3/6..... White
[*This story begins with the changing of one infant for another secretly; but, instead of allowing the matter to rest at that point, uncomfortable circumstances begin to develop. Miss Arlington, the heroine, was very beautiful and merry. It was right that she should be beautiful, but she should not have been merry with her grammar in the shaky state it was; that fact, however, saddened her as little as it saddens the reader, and she goes forward triumphantly to her "happy ending."*]

MEE, HUAN.—A Diplomatic Woman, 3/6 ..... Sands
[*Half a dozen crisp tales of political adventure and intrigue. A woman, charming and clever, plays, of course, the leading parts.*]

MERRY, ANDREW.—The Naked Truth ..... New Century Press
[*A volume of The New Century Library of Realistic Novels. It contains five tales of modern life and manners, told with some power.*]

MILLER, ESTHER.—Should she have Spoken, 3/6 ..... Ward, Lock

NEWLAND, SIMPSON.—Blood Tracks of the Bush, 6/-..Gay and Bird
[*A thoroughly sensational and ably written tale of Australian life, in the gold-digging times, ending with revelations and tragedy.*]

NORRIS, FRANK.—Blix. A Love Idyll, 3/6 ..... Richards

OPPENHEIM, E. PHILLIPS.—A Millionaire of Yesterday, 6/- Ward, Lock

ROBERTSON, MORGAN.—Spun Yarn, 6/- ..... Richards
[*A volume of excellent sea stories with not an unnecessary word given nor a necessary incident lacking.*]

RUSSELL, W. CLARK.—A Marriage at Sea, 6d. ..... Methuen
[*An interesting sea story full of unlooked-for predicaments which culminate in a marriage ceremony performed by the ship's captain. This is No. XII. of the popular "Novelist" series.*]

SCOTT, G. FIRTH.—Colonial Born..... Sampson Low
[*A sensational, and at the same time readable and picturesque tale of life in the Queensland Bush. The illustrations are spirited and characteristic.*]

SHIEL, M. P.—The Man-Stealers, 6/-..... Hutchinson

SHORTER, DORA SIGERSON.—The Father Confessor, 3/6..Ward, Lock

SMITH, ISABELLA.—The Minister's Guest, 6/- ..... Unwin

ST. JOHN, CHRISTOPHER.—The Crimson Weed, 6/-.....Duckworth

TYTLER, SARAH.—Many Daughters, 6/- ....Digby
[*A story dealing with women's work, women's struggles, and a Woman's Institute; told in Miss Tytler's well-known brisk and entertaining manner.*]

UPWARD, ALLEN.—The Wonderful Career of Ebenezer Lobb, 3/6 Hurst and Blackett

WAKEMAN, ANNIE.—The Autobiography of a Charwoman, 6/- Macqueen

WALKER, WILLIAM SYLVESTER ("Coo-ee").—Native Born, 6/- Long
[*Adventures of a young colonial in the mounted police. He is a fine young fellow, and in the course of his story we get numerous picturesque glimpses of Australian life.*]

WINTER, JOHN STRANGE.—The Married Miss Binks, 3/6 .... White

NEW EDITIONS.

BORROW, GEORGE.—Lavengro, 2/- .....Ward, Lock

BRADSHAW, Mrs. ALBERT S.—The Gates of Temptation, 1/- Greening
[*A popular edition of Mrs. Bradshaw's dramatic novel.*]

CRANE, STEPHEN—Bowery Tales, 6/-.....Heinemann
[*This volume contains Stephen Crane's two stories of New York life. They are painful and lurid, but full of power and of that promise which was never altogether fulfilled. The first tale, "Maggie" introduced the author of "The Little Regiment" to fame or rather to the notice of one discerning critic who fought a fine battle for its author's fame. It was originally issued, under a pseudonym, in paper covers, and the publishers at the last moment withdrew their imprint, fearing the consequences of its audacity. America has moved far since these days.*]

DICKENS, CHARLES—Barnaby Rudge, Dombey and Son, 2/- each Nelson
[*These pocket editions of standard fiction printed in clear type on thin India paper have proved exceedingly popular, and they more than deserve their success, for there is nothing like them on the market. We marvel that they can be produced at the price. We advise all our readers to put half a dozen in their bag when starting for a summer holiday. They will not take as much room as the ordinary six shilling novel, and they will provide vastly more enjoyment.*]

GRAY, MAXWELL.—The Reproach of Annesley, 6d. ..... Newnes
[*A new and slightly revised edition of this favourite novel. The type is commendable.*]

HOBBES, JOHN OLIVER.—The School for Saints, 6d.....Unwin
[*A timely edition of this popular book. It is probably one of the longest novels in sixpenny form yet produced.*]

COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

AUGUST, 1900.

HUGO, VICTOR—Les Misérables, Jean Valjean, 2 vols., 2/6 each Dent

[*Messrs. Dent's altogether admirable edition of Victor Hugo should find a prominent place on every bookman's shelves. The translation is excellently done, and the books are produced in the dainty and yet serviceable style which we have learnt to associate with the productions of Aldine House.*]

PEMBERTON, MAX.—Jewel Mysteries I have Known, 6d. Ward, Lock

[*An excellent reprint of Mr. Pemberton's exciting tales of danger and mystery. The illustrations are numerous and good.*]

RUSSELL, FOX.—Outridden, 2/- ..... Everett

[*This new edition of Mr. Fox Russell's sporting novel forms one volume of Messrs. Everett's Railway Library.*]

SADLEIR, MARIE M.—An Uncanny Girl, 2/6 ..... Greening

[*Messrs. Greening and Co. now issue this stirring story in a cheap, well-bound edition.*]

WHYTE-MELVILLE, G. T.—M or N, 3/6 ..... Ward, Lock

POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

BAYNE, H. P.—A Book of Verses, Occasional and Commonplace, 1/6 net ..... Burleigh

[*In this varied collection are included many Verses on Burns, and In Memoriam poems on Stevenson, Tennyson, Gladstone, Angus, Steevens, and others. The book is dedicated to Lord Rosebery.*]

BROWNLIE, Rev. JOHN.—Hymns of the Greek Church, 2/- Oliphant

[*About fifty hymns are given in this volume, which is the first collection of translations from the Greek since Dr. Neale published his collection in 1862. It includes hymns by John of Damascus, Synesius, and the early Greek poets.*]

BYRON, Lord.—Letters and Journals, Vol. IV. of the works of Lord Byron. Edited by Rowland E. Prothero, M.A., 6/- Murray

CHAMBERS, C. HADDON—The Tyranny of Tears, 1/6 .... Heinemann

[*Mr. Heinemann's edition of Pinero's plays is well known to our readers, and now he has placed students of contemporary drama under a fresh debt by the publication in an admirable form of Mr. Haddon Chambers' popular comedy.*]

CLARK, JOHN, M.A.—A History of Epic Poetry, 5/- ..... Oliver

[*In his very full introduction the author deals amongst other matters with the poems of Homer and Virgil, but in the book itself he confines his attention to the epic poets of the post-Virgilian period, and writes of the later Roman, the English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese epics.*]

COURTNEY, W. L.—The Idea of Tragedy, 3/6 net ..... Constable

CROSLAND, T. W. H.—Pleasant Odes, 1/- ..... Arrowsmith

DE BERTOUCH, Baroness.—The Outcast, A Monologue, 2/- net Chapman

[*The period is the twelfth century, and the Abbot of Lonelochferry tells his tale of sorrow and renounced vengeance to his monks gathered round him.*]

FERREIRA, A. J.—Nebo, The Merchant of Susa. 2/6 net.. Greening

[*A three-act drama, dedicated to Mr. Clement Scott. It deals with the rescue of a prisoner of Susa, afterwards a slave-girl, from the Royal palace of Nineveh. It is picturesque and full of action.*]

POOLER, C. K.—Translations, and other Verses, 3/- net.... Longmans

[*A slim book of translations, burlesques, and some serious verses. There are scholarly and tuneful lines in the volume, which deserves attention.*]

SCOTT, CLEMENT.—Some Notable Hamlets, 2/6 ..... Greening

[*These Hamlets are not small villages, but representers of the Prince of Denmark. Sarah Bernhardt, Henry Irving, Wilson Barrett, Beerbohm Tree, and Forbes Robertson are the actors treated of, and a portrait of each is given.*]

SNOWE, LUCY.—Two Stage Plays: Denzil Herbert's Atonement; Bondage, 3/- net..... Brimley Johnson

SUTRO, A.—The Cave of Illusion. Introduction by Maurice Maeterlinck, 3/6 net ..... Richards

NEW EDITIONS.

DRYDEN'S Essay of Dramatic Poesy. Edited by D. Nichol Smith, M.A., 2/- ..... Blackie

[*Interesting as indicating Dryden's indebtedness to earlier writers, and showing the growth of his prose style. Sir Robert Howard's "Reply" is included in this volume, and Dryden's retort on the same.*]

SHAKESPEARE—Othello, Antony and Cleopatra, Pericles. The Larger Temple Edition, Vol. II., 4/6 net ..... Dent

[*Each month we have been able to bestow most cordial praise on this Larger Temple Edition, and now that the work is practically complete, we owe our congratulations to editor and publisher. In many ways the edition is unique. Its get up is scholarly and useful, and a pleasure to handle and look upon; the illustrations are of real interest to the student, which is not the case in all such editions; the glossaries affixed to each play are excellent. while the notes, mainly composed of comparisons of various readings, are just what is needed.*]

SHAKESPEARE.—King Richard II., Twelfth Night, 2 vols., 1/6 each net Bell

[*Two more volumes of the convenient and well-produced Chiswick edition. Mr. Byam Shaw infuses some original spirit into the scenes he depicts.*]

The Aeneid of Virgil, Book III. Edited by Philip Sandford, M.A., 1/6 Blackie

[*Mr. Sandford writes an informing introduction to this volume. In addition to the Aeneid and Notes, there are Appendices on Translations and Metre, also many illustrations.*]

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

BAILLIE, Major F. D.—Mafeking, a Diary of the Siege, 6/- Constable

[*Besides his letters to the "Morning Post" a great deal of new matter is included in Major Baillie's volume. The first entry in the diary was made on October 10th, the day war was declared. The last tells of his arrival in London on June 15th. The experiences of the siege are freshly and forcefully told, many illustrations are given, and a reproduction of the siege slip of "The Mafeking Mail" is included.*]

BAYNES, Right Rev. A. HAMILTON, D.D., Bishop of Natal.—My Diocese during the War, 6/- ..... Bell

[*On several occasions the author of this volume acted as chaplain to the forces under Sir Redvers Buller, and this unpublished diary contains valuable first impressions, and accounts of stirring episodes in the Colenso and Spion Kop attacks.*]

BENNET, E. N.—With Methuen's Column on an Ambulance Train, 2/6 Swan Sonnenschein

[*A book full of information respecting, and descriptions of the less known side of the war life—the defence of the railways, the actual ambulance work, and some of the monotonous but necessary routine and precautions. It also discusses in a practical manner the question of immigration when the war is over.*]

BLUNT, REGINALD.—An Illustrated Historical Handbook to the Parish of Chelsea ..... Lamley

[*This book is what its author intended it to be—an intelligent guide to a most interesting part of London. It abounds in touches which arrest attention and linger in the memory, and is generously illustrated.*]

CAPES, W. W., M.A.—The English Church in the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries, 7/6 ..... Macmillan

Cassell's Pictorial Guide to the Clyde, 6d. and 1/- ..... Cassell

[*A fully illustrated and really interesting handbook. Eleven coloured plates are included, depicting some of the most beautiful spots.*]

COATES, T. F. G.—Sir George White, V.C., 3/6 ..... Richards

[*A very readable biography of the hero of Ladysmith, giving some fresh details of recent months, and including several portraits.*]

COLQUHOUN, ARCHIBALD R.—The "Overland" to China, 10/- Harper

DE FILIPPI, FILIPPO.—The Ascent of Mount St. Elias, 31/6 net Constable

ELSON, GEORGE.—The Last of the Climbing Boys, 6/- ..... Long

[*The autobiography of the last chimney sweep. The volume contains some perilous and graphically told situations, and is interesting as an account of a vanished industry. The Dean of Hereford contributes a preface.*]

FAYRER, Sir JOSEPH, Bart.—Recollections of My Life, 21/- Blackwood

FREESTON, C. L.—Cycling in the Alps, Illustrated. By A. R. Quinton, 5/- ..... Richards

[*An invaluable little volume to cyclists who wish to include Switzerland in their tours; and the detailed descriptions of the various passes make it generally useful also.*]

HARRISON, FREDERIC, M.A.—Byzantine History in the Early Middle Ages, 2/6 net ..... Macmillan

[*The Rede Lecture, delivered in the Senate House, Cambridge, in June. To it are added copious notes.*]

HOSTE, JAMES WILLIAM, M.A.—Johnson and his Circle, 1/- net Jarrold

[*A bright little pamphlet on the subject of the "Colossus" and his friends, the Thrales, Garrick, Dyer, Reynolds, and others. Some notices of recent Johnsonian literature are also given.*]

JAMIE, Rev. DAVID, B.D.—John Hope, Philanthropist and Reformer, 7/6 net ..... Elliot

[*A detailed biography of this strenuous temperance advocate. The writer deals fully with the British League from its inauguration; also with the No-Popery Organisation, the Scottish Protestant Association, the Volunteer movement, and all the important questions of which John Hope was such a zealous supporter.*]

KASTNER, L. E., B.A., and ATKINS, H. G., M.A.—A Short History of French Literature, 4/6 ..... Blackie

[*The authors have aimed at a useful and convenient form for their History; it surpasses in many ways the ordinary primers and is handier and more easily obtainable than the larger works already published. It deals with French literature from the origin of the language to the present day, shewing thought and judgment in the matter of selection.*]

LINDSAY, THOMAS M., D.D.—Luther and the German Reformation T. & T. Clark

LLOYD, A. B.—In Dwarf Land and Cannibal Country, with Introduction by Sir John H. Kennaway, Bart., M.P., President of the Church Missionary Society, 6/- ..... Unwin

[*A record of the author's travels and discoveries in Central Africa. It describes his voyage from England to Uganda, Uganda itself, and the Soudanese War, Toro, Congo Free States, the Pygmy Forest, and, indeed, much of the West Coast. A hundred and forty-six illustrations and maps are given, which are informing and full of interest.*]

LUKE, W. B.—Sir Wilfrid Lawson ..... Simpkin, Marshall

[*A sensible little biography, compiled with care and appreciation. It deals fully with all the most important periods of Sir Wilfrid's political life.*]

MACDONALD, J. F.—Paris of the Parisians, 5/- ..... Richards

[*The "Paris of the Parisians" is not the city of light beloved of Cook's "tourists." Neither is it altogether the Paris of Mr. Macdonald, for although the "quartier" sums up one side of its existence there are other phases equally characteristic, equally Parisian which he pictures, it is true, but which in his book are over-quiet and comparatively commonplace, the Paris of Passy and Auteuil, the busy and rude Paris of Grenelle, for instance. We welcome Mr. Macdonald's sketches, and trust they will find a public, for they are full of understanding and appreciation, written with real insight into what is best and strongest in Parisian character. And Paris has a heart beneath its gay trappings and glittering tinsel.*]

MALDEN, H. E., M.A.—A History of Surrey, 7/6 ..... Elliot Stock

[*One of the series of popular County Histories. On account of its position Surrey has been the scene of many striking events, and the present historian gives an able, general account of these and of the county as a whole.*]

MORRIS, W. O'CONNOR.—The Campaign of 1815, 12/6 net.. Richards

MOUL, DUNCAN.—Week-ends in Hopland, 1/- net Homeland Association

[*An alluring handbook for the rambler; describing without tediousness some of the most beautiful country in the South of England, Tonbridge, Ightham, Sevenoaks, etc. It is well illustrated by the author.*]

People You Know, Edited by Percy A. Hurd.....Arrowsmith
[*Intimate pen portraits of well-known men and women of to-day; ranging from Lord Salisbury to Abdul Hamid, and including "crowned heads," statesmen, actors, authors, and painters.*]

PIXLEY, FRANCIS W.—A History of the Baronetage, 10/6 and 21/- net.....Duckworth
[*Deals with Baronetage from the erection of the degree in the reign of Edward II.; gives much information on the subject of creations and privileges, and corrects many common errors.*]

Present Day Papers, Vol. III., 6d. net .....Headley
[*The volume contains an important article on "George Fox as an Ecclesiastical Statesman." It is written by John Stephenson Rowntree, whose knowledge of Quaker history is exceptionally wide.*]

SCRUGGS, WILLIAM L.—The Colombian and Venezuelan Republic. Sampson Low
[*In this volume the author gives a very thorough account of his personal experience during twenty-seven years in Central and South America. He touches on many points and questions, such as the Panama Canal projects, the race problem in America, the Monroe doctrine, and manners, customs, disputes, and possibilities. There are also illustrations and maps.*]

SEARS, E. HAMILTON, A.M.—An Outline of Political Growth in the Nineteenth Century, 12/6 net.....Macmillan

SHAND, ALEXANDER INNES.—General John Jacob, illustrated, 16/- Seeley
[*A full and appreciative biography of the man who did so much to repress lawlessness on the Indian frontier, who possessed an almost magnetic influence over Orientals, and who founded the city of Jacobabad; who was, in plain words, an Anglo-Indian hero. The book is well illustrated, and contains many letters from celebrated men whose friendship and confidence Jacob had won.*]

STRONG, ROWLAND.—Where and How to Dine in Paris, 2/6 net Richards
[*A useful, handy guide, and entertaining too, especially for those who content themselves with the humble Duval, but like to "read" of a little dinner for two at Pailloro's at 200 odd francs. After all, we shall not have to confine ourselves to Duval the next time we visit Paris, for Mr. Strong has introduced to us a "restaurant rotisserie" where they serve your game with "the most perfect bread sauce imaginable," where that bene ficent personage, the proprietor, "practically makes you a present of pheasants and partridge and . . . quails," his prices are so incredibly low. Our only fear is that he will have to increase them before we have a chance of making his acquaintance. Mr. Strong really has the expression of our perfect consideration of his generosity. That address alone is worth twice the price of his book.*]

THOMAS, JAMES.—Our Records of the Nativity, 6/- Swan Sonnenschein
[*Aided by modern historical research Mr. Thomas here gives an elaborate reply to Professor Ramsay's "Thesis on the Roman Census."*]

VINDEX.—Cecil Rhodes: His Political Life and Speeches, 1881-1900, 12/- net .....Chapman
[*It does not come within our province to review the political life of Mr. Rhodes, and it would be useless to review his speeches without attempting to review the man. It suffices to say that here you have gathered together in convenient form the sayings of one who has moulded the destinies of embires. There will be many references to this work in the histories of the future.*]

VON POSCHINGER, HEINRICH.—Conversations with Prince Bismark, edited with Introduction by Sidney Whitman, 6/- Harper
[*Herr von Poschinger's collection of Bismarkiana is of course known to the student of German history, but the selection of extracts from his works, which are of enormous bulk and in parts decidedly trivial, will prove welcome to those who would make acquaintance with Bismark the man, "the great gladiator fighting for his honour and dignity," as Mr. Whitman says in his preface. The book does not add much of sovereign import to our knowledge of German politics, but it throws many curious lights upon phases of Bismark's character which were left dark in Busch's monumental indiscretions. Especially do we prize the sayings of the man of iron in lighter vein. One or two are magnificent in their rough and rather brutal way. But perhaps the best thing in the book are the lines written by Bismark in a lady's album quoted on the back of the title page. They might have been penned for his monument.*]

WARD, MAY ALDEN.—Prophets of the Nineteenth Century Gay & Bird
[*The Prophets are Carlyle, Ruskin, and Tolstoi, and Miss Ward writes sympathetic sketches of them from the "prophetic" point of view.*]

WAUGH, ARTHUR.—Robert Browning, the Westminster Biographies Kegan Paul

YELD, GEORGE.—Scrambles in the Eastern Graians, 1881-1897, 7/6 Unwin
[*Mr. Yeld, who is editor of the "Alpine Journal" and an enthusiastic climber, writes entertainingly and instructively of his visits to the Eastern Graians. Few of the expeditions here described had been made before, therefore both letterpress and illustrations possess much of the value of novelty.*]

NEW EDITIONS.

BADEN-POWELL, Major-General.—The Downfall of Prempeh, 6d. Methuen
[*A reprint of this author's realistic account of the Ashanti Expedition of 1895-6.*]

Murray's Handbook for Constantinople, Brusa, and The Troad, 7/6 Murray
[*A thoroughly revised edition. Owing to the changes which have taken place in Turkey, and the full description now given of the above places, it has been thought best to publish them in this separate volume. New maps, plans, an index, and a directory have been added, and the whole forms a very complete and valuable handbook.*]

Murray's Handbook for Travellers in Greece, 20/- .....Murray
[*This new edition contains accounts of all the archæological discoveries of recent years, and is stored with good maps and plans.*]

WADDELL, Major L. A., LL.D.—Among the Himalayas, 6/ Constable
[*A second edition of this entertaining and really valuable travel-book.*]

WHYMPER, EDWARD.—Chamonix, and the Range of Mont Blanc, 3/- net .....Murray
[*This excellent Guide Book, which has reached its fifth edition, contains a most helpful introduction, and many maps and illustrations.*]

WHYMPER, EDWARD.—The Valley of Zermatt and the Matterhorn, 3/- net .....Murray
[*The name upon the title page of the well-known Alpine climber is sufficient recommendation to this volume. It is a history as well as a guide book, and contains a wealth of interesting information.*]

LAW, PHILOLOGY, SCIENCE, ART, SCHOOL AND TECHNICAL BOOKS.

BATY, T.—The Laws of Law, 1/- .....Effingham Wilson
[*In this pamphlet Mr. Baty deals with law from an outside point of view, so to speak,—the Subject-matter of Law, the Objects and Methods of Law, the Results and Conflicts of Law, etc.; his wish being to show the difference between the term "Law" as used in physical and moral science respectively, to indicate, as he says, "the scope of a science of law which shall not be a mere classification of the relations with which law deals," and to ascertain the main features of this science.*]

BLYTHE, W. H., M.A.—Geometrical Drawing, 2/- Camb. Univ. Press
[*This is Part II. of Mr. Blythe's work on Geometry; it deals with solid or descriptive geometry, and is well supplied with examples.*]

GOODNOW, FRANK J., A.M., LL.D.—Politics and Administration, 6/6 .....Macmillan
[*Deals with political conditions in the United States, from the primary functions of the State to the responsibilities of Parties.*]

HUDSON, THOMSON JAY, LL.D.—The Divine Pedigree of Man, 6/- Putman
[*An attempt to outline a scientific basis of Christian theism.*]

KAISER, C., and THOUAILLE, A.—German Propositions at a Glance, 1/-.....Sampson Low
[*A praiseworthy attempt to teach this difficult branch of German grammar by means of pictures.*]

Le Songe d'Or and Other Stories, edited by Ernest Weekley, M.A., 1/6.....Blackie
[*A very welcome French "reader," giving tales by Nodier, Topffer, Mérimée, Gautier, and Gerard de Nerval. The notes are few but important, and the appendix deals with some of the most difficult points in French construction.*]

Royal Academy Pictures, 1900, 7/6.....Cassell
[*Messrs. Cassell's reproductions of Academy pictures easily take the first place among a host of similar publications. They are excellently printed, and the size of the blocks is such that one may form from them a fair opinion of the original paintings. But even this volume is by no means fully representative. Several of the most prominent artists still obstinately refuse all persuasion to publish reproductions of their pictures—which we think is neither fair to themselves nor the public. The two most pretentious of the year's pictures, which were most remembered, most criticised, most praised by every visitor to the Academy, are conspicuous by their absence. And why are we not allowed to renew acquaintance with Mr. Byam Shaw's remarkable painting, "The Ways of Men are Passing Strange"? The great public that does not visit picture exhibitions ought to have an opportunity of attempting to understand it.*]

SCHMEIL, Dr. OTTO—Text-Book of Zoology. Part I. Mammals. Translated from the German by Rudolph Rosenstock, M.A., edited by J. T. Cunningham, M.A., 3/6 A. & C. Black
[*Intended to help in applying the chief points of modern scientific teaching to the teaching of elementary zoology. The subject is treated from a biological standpoint. The explanations are clear and simple, and there are many illustrations.*]

NEW EDITION.

WHITE, GILBERT—The Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne, 3/6 net .....Macmillan
[*This reprint of White's "Selborne" in the Library of English Classics is particularly valuable as being the form, uncut and complete, in which the author left it himself, with merely the addition of a few paragraphs which a friend selected from his papers soon after his death.*]

MISCELLANEOUS.

A BRITISH OFFICER.—Social Life in the British Army, 6/-.....Long
[*The "British Officer" writes of the nature of the life led by British officers and their men in times of peace, their daily round, amusements, etc. R. Caton Woodville has added sixteen illustrations.*]

ALLEN, Rev. G. C., M.A.—Tales from Tennyson, 3/6 net ..Constable
[*In these tales Mr. Allen attempts to do with Tennyson's poems what Charles and Mary Lamb did with Shakespeare's plays. He has taken the "Idylls of the King" and written them in fairly simple prose; the result proves a good supplement, or, rather, introduction, to the poems themselves.*]

COLLINGS, T. C.—Cricket, 2/6 .....Unwin
[*This volume of the Sports Library seems to have been written chiefly for the beginner; it contains practical contributions by T. A. Hearne, Albert Ward, M. A. Noble, P. F. Warner, Lord Harris, and other well-known cricket authorities. It gives also several portraits.*]

CRAWSHAW, W. H., A.M.—Literary Interpretation of Life, 4/6 Macmillan
[*This small volume puts forward evidence and suggestions respecting literature in its many phases and results, as an outgrowth of life, as a revelation of life, as an influence on humanity, etc.*]

"E. V. B."—Seven Gardens and a Palace, Illus., 5/- net .....Lane
[*With her usual placid charm "E. V. B." discourses again of gardens. The present volume includes pleasant gossip and descriptions of Huntercombe, Hampton Court, Maryculter, and Ellon Castle.*]
HUDSON, W. H.—Nature in Downland, 10/6 .....Longmans
HUTCHINSON, HORACE G.—Aspects of Golf, 1/- .....Arrowsmith
[*A chatty little book by one who writes with authority, and who realises and accepts as natural and even necessary the changes which have taken place, not only in the game itself but in the spirit with which it is approached. There are useful hints in these pages.*]
LE GALLIENNE, K.—The Beautiful Lie of Rome, 1/- Simpkin, Marshall
Little Folks, 1900, 3/6.....Cassell
[*A handsome volume of this ever-popular magazine; it is rich in fun, fiction, puzzles, competitions, things one wants to know, and countless illustrations, coloured and otherwise.*]
Memories of Some Oxford Pets, by their Friends. Collected by Mrs. Wallace, 3/- net ..... Blackwell
[*Contains sympathetic biographies of many well-known Oxford (four-footed) characters; some—such as "Oriel Bill," "Buttery Dick," etc.—have, indeed, attained to more than local fame, and should help to make the volume more than locally popular.*]
New Penny Magazine, The, 2/6 .....Cassell
[*A bright and attractive volume, very full of good things.*]
PIKE, OLIVER G.—In Birdland with Field-glass and Camera, 6/- Unwin
POLLARD, EVELYN H.—The Birds of My Parish, 5/- net.....Lane
PYCRAFT, W. P.—The Story of Bird-Life, 1/-.....Newnes
SMITH, SAMUEL, M.P.—Plays and their Supervision, 1d. ....Thynne
[*The speech on theatrical plays delivered by Mr. Smith in the House of Commons in May; also the reply of the Home Secretary, Sections of the Local Government Act, 1888, and the Theatres Act, 1843, are included.*]
STEVENS, G. W.—Things Seen. Vol. I. Memorial Edition. Ed. by G. S. Street, 6/- .....Blackwood
WHYBROW, A. N.—The Day-by-Day Cookery Book, 3/6 .....Sands
[*An imposing volume of breakfast, luncheon, and dinner menus for every day in the year. The recipes are practical and clearly written; even the "plainly boiled potato" is not forgotten.*]
WRIGHT, WALTER P.—Pictorial Practical Gardening, 1/- and 1/6 Cassell
[*A manual giving in a concise and sensible manner directions for the cultivation of all best known flowers, fruit and vegetables. There are numerous illustrations, and a garden calendar for every month.*]

BOOKS WANTED.

[Lists of Books Wanted have occasionally to be omitted owing to the senders' names and addresses not being attached.]

EDWARD BAKER, 14 & 16, JOHN BRIGHT STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

New Arabian Nights, 2 vols., 1st edit., 1882, 25s. offered.
Moore's Alps in 1864, 25s. offered.
Life of John Mytton, col. plates, 1835, 25s. offered.
George Meredith's Poems, 1851, 25s. offered.
Lady Jackson's Old Paris, 2 vols., 1878, 25s. offered.
Badminton Hunting, large paper copy, 1885, £5 offered.

JOHN BRUNSKILL, 12, NEVILLE STREET, YORK.

Ward's History of Methodism in Swaledale.
Chap Books.
Jeans' Jubilee Memorial of Railway System.
An Account of Stockton and Darlington Railway, 1827.
The Country Words of West Riding, 1870.
Books on Yorkshire and Westmorland.

ALEX. GARDNER, PAISLEY.

Scottish Reviews, Nos. 6, 10, 12, and 13, twenty copies wanted.
Munro's Lost Pibroch, 1st ed.

H. PERCIVAL ROSSITER, 9, ELM PLACE, BATH.

Kelmscott Press:
Herrick Poems.
Keats do.
Shakespeare do.
Books illustrated by C. S. Ricketts and C. H. Shannon:
The Dial, 1-5.
Daphnis and Chloe.
Hero and Leander.
Cupid and Psyche.

J. W. RUDDOCK, 253, HIGH STREET, LINCOLN.

Cassell's Concise Cyclopædia, Part IX.

J. W. THOMPSON, 45, PASTURE STREET, GRIMSBY.

Baxter's Saints' Rest.
Mrs. Brown at the Play.
Darwin's Origin of Species.
Green's Short History English People.
Drummond's Ascent of Man.
Drummond's Natural Law in the Spiritual World.
Gideon Giles. Illustrated edition.
Boosey's Royal edition of Operas, any.
Charles Auchester. Musical novel.
Benjamin Bobbin.
Berridge's Christian World Unmasked.
Boyne Water.
Carlyle's French Revolution.
Macaulay's Essays.

BOOKS FOR SALE.

EDWARD BAKER, 14 & 16, JOHN BRIGHT STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

Studio Magazine, 18 vols., publisher's cloth, fine set, £10 10s.
Baily's Magazine of Sports and Pastimes, fine complete set, 72 vols., £20.
Burton's Arabian Nights, exquisitely illustrated, 12 vols., £10 10s.
Ruskin's Modern Painters, handsomely bound by Riviere, 6 vols., £4 4s.

J. THOMAS, 355, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

Works of Thomas Manton, D.D., 22 vols., 15s.
Works of Thomas Goodwin, D.D., 12 vols., 8s. 6d.
Works of Richard Sibbes, D.D., 7 vols., 5s.
Works of Richard Watson, 12 vols., 6s.
Gibson's Preservative from Popery, etc., 20 vols., 8s.
Dore Bible, in Parts, cost over £8, for 25s.
Barnes Notes on New Testament, 5s.
All above are in good condition.

J. W. THOMPSON, 45, PASTURE STREET, GRIMSBY.

Original Family Sermons. By Pusey.
Phillpotts' Dale, Wilberforce, etc. 5 vols. 3s.
Knights' Old England. 10s. 6d.
Richards' Welsh and English and English Welsh Dictionary. 1s 9d.
Hood's Own or Daughter from year to year. 1st and 2nd Series combined. In one vol. Cloth gilt. Hundreds of punning illustrations. 10s. 6d., for 5s. 6d.
Phil May's Graphic Pictures. 2s. 3d.
Homer's Iliad and Odyssey. Cloth gilt. 1s. 6d.
Thornbury's Haunted London. 4s.
Henty's March to Coomassie. 3s. 9d.
White's Story of a Great Delusion. 2s. 9d.
On the Borderland. By Frederick Boyle. 3s. 6d.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand as sold between June 15th and July 15th, 1900:—

LONDON, W.C.

Colquhoun, A.: The Overland to China. 16s. (Harper Brothers.)
Corelli, M.: Boy. 6s. (Hutchinson)
Flammarion, C.: The Unknown. 7s. 6d. (Harper Brothers.)
Steel, F. A.: Voices in the Night. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Allen, J. Lane: The Increasing Purpose. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Baillie, Major: Mafeking. 6s. (Constable.)
General trade quiet, with few new books.

BIRMINGHAM.

Hobbes, J. O.: Robert Orange. 6s. (Unwin.)
Steel, F. A.: Voices in the Night. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Corelli, Marie: Boy. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Stevens, G. W.: Things Seen. 6s. (Blackwood.)
Johnston, Mary: By Order of the Company. 6s. (Constable.)
E. V. B.: Seven Gardens and a Palace. 5s. net. (John Lane.)

MANCHESTER.

Fitzpatrick: The Transvaal from Within. 2s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)
The Rise of Krugerism.
Corelli: Boy. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Crockett: Little Anna Mark. (Smith, Elder.)
How to Deal with your Banker.
Duncan: Profits *v.* Dividends.
Shakespeare, with 50 portraits of present actors and actresses.

LEEDS.

Crockett: Little Anna Mark. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Begbie: Struwwelpeter Alphabet. 3s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)
Sharpe, B.: White's Selborne. 2 vols. £3. (Freemantle.)
Jerome: Three Men on the Bummel. 3s. 6d. (Arrowsmith.)
Hobbes: Robert Orange. 6s. (Unwin.)

BURNLEY.

Fowler: The Farringdons. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Conan Doyle: The Green Flag. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Marie Corelli: Boy. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Drummond: The New Evangelism. 5s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
Silas K. Hocking: When Life is Young. 2s. 6d. (Warne.)
Jos. Hocking: The Purple Robe. 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)

BRIGHTON.

Corelli: Boy. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Hudson: Nature in Downland. 10s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)
Jerome: Three Men on the Bummel. 3s. 6d. (Arrowsmith.)
Harland: Cardinal's Snuff Box. 6s. (Lane.)
Whybrow: Day by Day Cookery. 3s. 6d. (Sands.)
New Century Library. 2s. 6d. net. (Nelson.)

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

Brassey: Naval Annual. 15s. net. (Griffins.)
Baedeker's Foreign Guides.
Baddeley's British Guides. (Dulans)
Black's Guides (prices various.)
Ward, Lock's Guides (1s. Series.)
Manson's Tropical Diseases. 10s 6d. (Cassells.)
Business generally very quiet.

SUNDERLAND.

Allen: Increasing Purpose. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Percy White: West End. 6s. (Sands.)
Gordon: Our Country's Birds, etc. 6s. each. (Simpkin.)
Sienkiewicz: Knight of the Cross 3s. 6d. (Sands.)
Corelli: Boy. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Guide Books (various).

GLASGOW.

Life of D. L. Moody, by his Son. 10s. 6d. (Morgan & Scott.)
Colvile, Harriet E.: For Cloudy Days. 2s. 6d. (R.T.S.)
Churchill, Winston S.: London to Ladysmith. 6s. (Longmans.)
Corelli, Marie: Boy. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Travers, Graham: Mona Maclean. Cheap ed. 2s. 6d. (Blackwood.)
Dickens and Thackeray: New Century Library. 2s. and 2s. 6d. net. (Nelson.)

ABERDEEN.

Byron's Works, Letters and Journals, Vol. 4. 6s. (John Murray.)
Royal Academy Pictures, 1900. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)
Corelli: Boy. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
White: Natural History of Selborne (Macmillan's English Classics.) 3s. 6d. net.
Dixon: Among Birds in Northern Shires. 7s. 6d. (Blackie & Son.)
How, Bishop: Lighter Moments. 2s. 6d. (Isbister.)

DUBLIN (1).

Sheehan: My New Curate. 6s. net. (Art and Book Co.)
Craigie, Mrs.: The School for Saints. 6d. (Unwin.)
Craigie, Mrs.: Robert Orange. 6s. (Unwin.)
Barry: Arden Massiter. 6s. (Unwin.)
Brown: Honour without Renown. 5s. (Burns & Oates.)
Sister Loyola: The Soldier of Christ. 5s. (Burns & Oates.)

DUBLIN (2).

Bury: History of Greece. 8s. 6d.
Fowler: The Farringdons. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Corelli: Boy. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Jerome: Three Men on the Bummel. 3s. 6d. (Arrowsmith.)
Somerville and Ross: Some Experiences of an Irish R.M. 6s.
Churchill: London to Ladysmith. 6s. (Longmans.)

We guarantee the authenticity of the above lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

MARK TWAIN.

From the latest photo by H. Walter Barnett.
Block engraved by The Exemplar Engraving Coy., 268 Brixton Hill S.W
Printed by The Cranford Press, Chiswick, W.